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DARKNESS AND DAWN.

BY W. C. N.

What though thy day of life be nearly gone,
And deepening shades of night come swiftly on;
Why dost thou turn to earth thy tearful eyes?
Why heaves thy breast with unavailing sighs?
Hath not the Holy One, to bless the night,
Bedecked the vault of heaven with stars of light?
Though none can see them when the light is near,
When twilight deepens, then the stars appear.

Though clouds may gather in the silent night,
And quench the feeble stars' uncertain light,
Though from thy sight the last faint flickering ray
Of dubious light may slowly fade away;
Though Stygian darkness cover all the sky,
Take comfort still, for God Himself is nigh;
Be of good courage; wherefore should'st thou fear?
When night is darkest, then the dawn is near.

Soon shalt thou see the day spring from on high,
With radiant splendor gild the orient sky!
Then every cloud of night shall disappear,
For dawn is breaking, and the day is near.
So, when the night of death shall pass away,
Then comes the dawning of eternal day,
When the glad soul shall wing its glorious flight
Up to the mansions of celestial light.

Fettered, Yet Free.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIKE UNTO A STAR," "BRUNA'S STORY," "A GIRL'S DESPAIR," "TWICE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ONCE clear of the garden-room, Sir Hugh stood still for a moment's reflection.

No longer distressed by his sister's sobs or his cousin's vehemence, he was able to think more quietly, and as he stood there meditating, the angry expression left his face and was succeeded by one of deep thought and some pain, and he pushed his hair back wearily, a gesture familiar to him when in trouble.

The scene he had just quitted had given him much suffering, and his passionate defence of Cecil, all the more passionate for that momentary doubt of her, now brought something like reaction.

He wanted to think it over quietly; he must be alone, undisturbed, to give it the consideration it required. How could any man think quietly of anything with Jessie in hysterics and Constance almost equally agitated?

He would go somewhere where he would be secure from observation and disturbance and consider whether his cousin's angry words were at all worthy of credence.

With this intention he returned to the house, entered the hall, took his cap from the stand and went out again.

The cool, soft, damp wind refreshed his heated brow and induced calmer thought.

The air was full of the heavy fragrance of the rain-washed flowers and the wet earth. He walked on slowly, his hands behind him, his head bent forward, his eyes upon the ground.

In a noble, honorable, truthful nature like Hugh Danecourt's, it is exceedingly difficult to implant suspicion, but once implanted it takes firm root and bears fruit.

One little grain had sunk into the reluctant mind, impelled by Constance Butler's passionate asseverations, and strengthened in its feeble life by her passionate question as to what motive she had for such an accusation but to save her cousins from future distress.

Hugh, himself, liked his cousin well, in a frank, fraternal manner, as a man would naturally like a beautiful woman domesticated under his roof, and closely allied to him by ties of blood.

He believed her to be a good, true woman, incapable of deceit or treachery; why, then, should he doubt the assertion she had made with so much pain?

Perhaps if Cecil had been with him at that moment, if her beautiful, loving eyes had been looking into his, her soft, sweet voice sounding in his ear, the little seed of suspicion would have been trampled out at once; but in the quiet atmosphere about him, there was no one to take Cecil's part, and the suspicion grew rapidly into doubt, and then almost into certainty.

But not without a struggle did he admit the suspicion and the doubt; not without a struggle did he lose his faith in his love and in his friend.

Bit by bit, step by step, in the solitude of his beautiful grounds, he fought the cruel suspicion and it conquered him.

The Squire of Danecourt was by nature a jealous man, and his love for Cecil, while it was great, and true, and generous, was like most great loves—a jealous one.

He had sometimes rejoiced to think of his darling's loneliness, that there were so few to share her love with him. She would be so entirely his own, there would be no father or mother or brothers to share her affection and make claims upon her love and patience, he had told himself, and had rejoiced exceedingly at the thought.

Now it seemed to him that his love, of which he had felt so sure, had never been his, and that from the first she had deceived him.

Reaching a retired glade in the park, he threw himself on a seat and gave himself up to the bitterness of his reflections.

Looking back, with eyes rendered clear by the knowledge of her love for Montagu, he saw many things—which had puzzled him at the time—in what he believed to be their proper light.

Cecil's hesitation in accepting him, her uncertain moods, the strange remorse which had sometimes been apparent in her, her alternate fits of coldness and tenderness were all explained now.

She was marrrying the Squire of Danecourt for the title and wealth he could give her, while her love was given to another. Yet, could it be? No, No! She was so true, so sweet, so pure and good, she was incapable of such baseness. There was some cruel mistake which she could easily rectify when he saw her—there must be some mistake!

Besides, Montagu Arnold was his friend, his friend leal and true, and had been so from their boyhood—he would not have deceived him.

Men had higher notions of honor than women, he knew; they were incapable of little deceptions and prevarications which women, even the best and truest of them, would not hesitate to commit.

If for no other reason than that he believed in his friend, he must believe Cecil innocent also of the accusation brought against them both. And yet—there was that little note which said so little and yet so much.

It was in Cecil's writing and had been in Monty's possession. And that morning when he had called at the Gate House, Mrs. Geith's maid had denied him admittance, saying Miss Lestrange was too ill to see anyone.

Could it be that Arnold had been with her then? That when he, her betrothed lover, had been turned away from her door, his sister's fiancee had been with her in private, confidential intimacy? And this afternoon, was he with her again when he, Sir Hugh, was not allowed to see her, when the maid had assured him that "mademoiselle was not well enough to see him to-day at all?"

The thought wrought like madness in is brain.

He sprang to his feet; the calm, the solitude which at first had been so grateful to him, were now unbearable. His brain seemed on fire, his temples were throbbing violently, his eyes burned; inaction was impossible, and he walked rapidly away from the quiet retreat which had seemed so pleasant a haven such a short time before.

He strode on heedlessly, seeing nothing, caring for nothing, feeling maddened, angry, wounded in his dearest feelings, and unconsciously his steps led him on into the path he had so often trodden lately, that leading to the Gate House, not the broad horse-chestnut avenue, but a little pathway through the park, over which the boughs of the full-leaved trees met.

It was a familiar pathway indeed to Sir Hugh Danecourt.

Twice a day during that happy, golden summer he had sought the house which sheltered his darling, by that pleasant little by-path; often, too, they had walked there together, Cecil's little hand resting lightly on his arm, her golden head upon his shoulder, and had talked the fond, soft nonsense lovers like.

Unconsciously his rapid pace slackened as he recalled words she had spoken, and glances he had met from her sweet, true eyes; softer thoughts came over him; he almost felt shame at his doubt of her and of the friend whose truth he had often proved and never found wanting.

Should he let a jealous woman's angry words destroy his happiness?

Constance had never liked Cecil, she was too beautiful not to excite jealousy in her own sex. She had, no doubt, interpreted some trivial, ordinary circumstance into something unusual.

Montagu had gone for a walk doubtless; he did not mind the weather; his visits to the country were rare enough to make him thoroughly enjoy the scenery and fresh air, and he had not told Jessie because he might have thought she would wish to accompany him, and have fancied the weather was unfit for her to venture out.

No doubt the explanation, when it came, would be a very simple one, and make them all ashamed of their vile suspicions.

He stood still under the arch of trees and uncovered his head; the cool, moist air refreshed his throbbing temples and aching eyes.

Some of the fierce pain seemed to have left his heart, and what lingered there yet was a sadder, quieter pain, from which the fiery heat had died out.

He felt somewhat languid from the struggle he had undergone, and, leaning against a tree, rested for a while before he went on his way.

His way led him on down the path he liked so well, toward a side path leading into the avenue by the garden on his right.

As he reached the great gates he paused suddenly, a sound, strangely familiar as it was, made him start; it was the click of the little gate by which pedestrians entered the grounds of the Gate House.

Sir Hugh had been walking with his head bent and his eyes upon the ground, but at the sound he looked up suddenly, and the blood rushed from his heart to his head with violence.

Coming out of the little wicket gate, looking pale and agitated, his head bowed, his air one of great dejection, Montagu Arnold approached him, unconscious of his presence, absorbed in his own thoughts.

In a moment all the latent anger and jealousy slumbering in the squire's heart, sprang into life at this proof of the truth of Constance's accusations.

He strode hurriedly forward, and at his heavy footstep the other man looked up with a start, and their eyes met.

CHAPTER XIX.

For a moment they looked at each other in silence, the width of half the high road between them as they stood; in the look of the one anger and fury predominated, in the glance of the other there was something of sorrow, of compassion and of appeal, which Sir Hugh mistook for fear.

The color which had rushed to his face, in a hot flood, receded again and left him very pale, but as it faded his fury seemed to die with it; he became suddenly calm, and cool, and collected, and only that deathly pallor showed the intensity of his emotion.

The barrister was the first to speak. He crossed the road slowly and joined his friend; even then his manner struck Sir Hugh as being totally devoid of guilt, although he was evidently agitated, and he looked pale and worn.

"Are you going for a walk?" he said quietly, "the rain seems to have ceased, and the air is refreshingly cool."

"I was not going to walk," Sir Hugh replied, speaking calmly but coldly. "Perhaps I was going to see if Cecil could see me now."

"I do not think she can," the other said quickly, "she is not well."

"So I was told this morning, but I concluded that as she had seen you—as she was not too ill to see you—I had at least an equal claim upon her time," Sir Hugh rejoined, haughtily.

The barrister looked at him very sorrowfully.

"I do not think she can see you, Hugh," he said gently putting his hand in a friendly manner on the squire's shoulder, but Sir Hugh shook it off angrily.

"What do you mean?" he said, sharply. "She cannot see me, her betrothed husband, to-day, when she has seen you? At least," a momentary gleam of hope flashing into his eyes, "I suppose she has seen you, Arnold?"

Montagu Arnold would have given a good deal to have been able to answer the question in the negative, but he could not truthfully do so.

"I have seen her," he replied, with evident reluctance.

"And you saw her this morning?" Sir Hugh asked, pale to his lips, but ominously calm.

The barrister looked surprised.

"Yes," he replied slowly.

"By appointment?" queried Sir Hugh, and again a look of intense surprise crossed the other man's grave, perturbed face.

"By appointment," he replied, utterly unable to conceal the reluctance with which he answered, "if you like to call it so."

There was a moment's silence, Sir Hugh was trying to force back the angry words which rose to his lips.

Montagu Arnold's thoughts were very sorrowful ones, judging from the sadness on his face; he stood with his eyes downcast, his lips firmly compressed.

Perhaps the sadness which, even in his anger, Hugh Danecourt could not fail to read on his friend's face, helped him to keep down the passionate words, the maddened reproaches with which his heart was full.

"Without wishing to be inquisitive," he said quietly, but in a husky voice, "I think I may fairly ask an explanation of this strange, and to me unaccountable conduct. I am refused admittance to my promised wife, while you, who are a stranger to her, who never saw her until yesterday, have not only received admittance, but have apparently remained with her for hours."

Montagu Arnold answered nothing. He knew the explanation must come sooner or later, but he was not quite prepared to give it; besides, it was not he who should explain; it was the unhappy woman whom

he had left a few minutes before with a broken heart.

"I am within my rights, I imagine," Sir Hugh said scornfully. "I am not asking more than my due."

"No," the other answered sadly.

"Ah, you admit ; that at least is more than I expected!" Sir Hugh said, triumphantly. "Then, since you are good enough to acknowledge my right to such an explanation, will you not give me one?"

Montagu Arnold was silent.

What could he say, he thought, which would not add to the suffering Sir Hugh was so evidently enduring?

Sir Hugh's patience began to fail him; all the latent jealousy in his nature sprang into life at the young barrister's continued silence.

"Will you not give me one," he said passionately, "before I force one from your lips? What is Cecil Lestrange to you?"

"Nothing!"

Sir Hugh fell back from him a step or two in intense, unspeakable surprise. The word came upon him with the suddenness of a blow; it was so promptly, so firmly spoken that it carried with it an air of unmistakable truth and sincerity. Yet it was but natural that Sir Hugh, knowing what he did, should think it was false.

In a moment he had recovered from his surprise.

"Nothing!" he repeated, with a little, scornful laugh. "The time is gone by when I could believe that assertion. You can deceive me no longer. If you met Cecil yesterday for the first time, it is somewhat singular, methinks, that you should have so much to say to-day. This is a fast age, I know, but such rapidity in forming an intimacy is beyond even its fastness! That falsehood will not satisfy me," he added, bitterly, "even if you ratify it by another and another."

A dark flush of anger rose in Montagu Arnold's cheek for a moment, then faded again.

The angry words, so full of insult and suspicion, stung him keenly, all the more because they were there uttered by lips which until this hour had only spoken words of trust and confidence to him; but a moment's reflection showed him that they were only the outcome of Sir Hugh's pain, and he felt that ere very long they would be regretted, that is if the bitter suffering in store for his friend gave him leisure for any other thought but itself.

"Nevertheless," he said quietly, "believe it or not, as you will, she is nothing to me."

"And yet you do not deny that you have been with her all day!" Sir Hugh exclaimed, furiously, losing all control of himself; "that when I, her promised husband, am not permitted to see her, you, a stranger, to whom she is nothing, pass hours in her society! You do not deny that you have been with her to-day?"

"I cannot deny it," Montagu said sadly.

"And yet you assert that she is nothing to you?"

"She is nothing to me."

Sir Hugh uttered a passionate execration, and his brows met in a heavy frown, but before he could speak the other interposed.

"Hugh," he said gently and gravely, "we are old friends, we have known, and loved, and trusted each other for years, and neither has ever failed the other; why do you doubt me now? Who has instilled into your mind this suspicion of my good faith? Do you, can you, after long years of loyalty and trust, believe me capable of the treachery you insinuate? Who has poisoned your mind against me, your friend almost your brother?"

"No one," replied Sir Hugh bitterly; "I judge you by your actions. Neither am I the only one who doubts you. Jessie ——"

"Jessie?" interrupted Montagu, turning very pale. "Jessie! What has she to do with this?"

"Is not she your promised wife, and does she not see herself neglected for a woman whom you professed never to have seen until yesterday?" Sir Hugh answered passionately. "I left her an hour ago heart-broken at your treachery to her. Aye, you are both false to love and friendship."

"Jessie doubts me?" the young barrister murmured. "Impossible."

"How can she help doing so?" said Sir Hugh bitterly. "She is certainly not blind."

"But," the other exclaimed in a tone of deepest pain, "I thought she loved me. I wonder if any proof, however strong, would have made me doubt her?"

There was an unconscious reproach in the words, simply as they were spoken, which cut Hugh Danecourt to the heart. This was love, indeed, he thought, even in his pain, this perfect trust and confidence.

"You have not been tried as she has been," he said bitterly. "Your faith might have been shaken if it had been so sorely tried as hers has been."

"Might it?" Arnold smiled slightly as he spoke. "I think otherwise. Your faith and hers must be but shallow, since you can so easily doubt the truth of those you —you love."

"Easily?" echoed Sir Hugh bitterly. "Do you think it costs us nothing to doubt you? Yet, what can we do? That there is some secret understanding between you and—and Cecil,"—his voice shook as he spoke her name—"is patent to us all, and must have been evident to those who saw you together yesterday, and in the face of this you assert that she is nothing to you, that you never saw her until yesterday, and——"

Montagu Arnold looked up suddenly, and made a quick, little gesture with his head.

"I say that she is nothing to me," he said gravely, "and it is true. She is nothing to me in the present, she was nothing to me in the past, but I never asserted—I did not say that I never saw her until yesterday."

"You have seen her before then?" said Sir Hugh with a passionate sneer.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"I cannot tell you."

"You cannot tell me! But I must know! Then she is something to you! You cannot have known her in the past without caring for her. What is the use of this shilly-shallying?" Sir Hugh added furiously. "You shall tell me what tie there is between you! I insist upon knowing what the understanding is between you! Is she your sister? Is she your wife? Great Heavens! this uncertainty, this suspense is maddening; I cannot bear it! Speak, I tell you, or I shall forget that you have any claim upon my forbearance, that you ever were my friend, and I will force the words from your unwilling tongue!"

The intense sadness in Montagu Arnold's eyes, as they met his frankly, arrested the gesture which accompanied his intemperate words; Arnold's voice was very low and very sad, as he spoke slowly and unwillingly.

"Come," he said turning towards the Gate House, with a look of deepest compassion, "come, since you insist upon it, and see what Cecil Lestrange and I are to each other."

In silence he crossed the road, and without a word Sir Hugh followed him.

They passed through the wicket gate round to the side of the house; a faint watery gleam of sunshine had brightened the greyness of the sky, and shone on the warm red brick of the Gate House; the garden flowers were slowly lifting their drenched heads; the grass was emerald green after the rain, and there was a fresh odor rising from the wet earth.

Montagu Arnold passed the glass-doors leading into the drawing-room and went on to another French window opening into a smaller room, which was Cecil's favorite sitting-room.

"I left her here," he said, in a low voice. "I daresay she is here still."

He tried the door, it was closed but not shut, for it yielded to the touch of his hand, light as it had been; he leaned forward and looked into the room.

"She is here," he said in the same low tone, and quietly entered the room.

Sir Hugh followed him in the same unbroken silence, leaving the glass door ajar behind him.

For a moment it seemed to him that the room was empty, the next he was undeceived; on a low couch in the darkest corner of the room a white figure lay prone, a golden head resting against the cushions, its face hidden.

She was so still that but for a faint shudder, which now and then shook the slender form, she might have been asleep or dead.

At sight of her—as he saw the beautiful bowed head, the attitude of intense dejection, of a perfect abandonment of grief—Sir Hugh's anger seemed to die suddenly out. It was as if some calming hands had been suddenly placed upon his throbbing brow and beating heart, subduing their tumult; he stood silent, deathly pale, but quite composed.

It was Montagu Arnold's calmness which failed him now, because he knew, and Sir Hugh did not, what a terrible revelation he was about to hear, and the blow so heavy and so unexpected which was to fall on the friend whom he loved and who had wronged him.

Silent as they were, noiseless as their entrance had been, something seemed to tell Cecil that she was no longer alone. That strange instinct, which no one can account for but which no one can explain away, made her aware, even in her prostration of grief, that there were others present in the room with her.

She slowly raised her head and turned her face to them, at first with a blank, unseeing expression upon it, a frozen look of immobility; then that look changed slowly, the ice seemed to melt, a slow look of comprehension crept into her eyes, deepening into agony; she closed them for a moment, like one who fears to face some deadly pain, but not before she had glanced at Montagu Arnold with a glance of pitiful reproach.

The young barrister approached her with a look of deep respect, and gently touched the little hand which hung heavily over the side of the couch.

"I could not help it," he said gently in a voice full of compassion—"I could not help it. And perhaps it is for the best. Your suspense will be over, and he suffers now. We could no longer spare him pain."

Her eyes, which had been raised to his, left his face and travelled slowly to Sir Hugh's, resting there with a look of unutterable love and tenderness.

His face softened as he met her glance; he loved her so well that this doubt of her was madness.

"Hugh insists upon knowing all," the young barrister went on gently, still keeping her passive hand in his. "He is under a strange delusion which only the truth can dispel. I had promised you to say nothing until you gave me leave, so I have been silent; but now——"

"I have a right to an explanation from your lips, Cecil," Sir Hugh broke in passionately—"I will accept no other. If I have misjudged you, I will ask your pardon. I shall deserve no punishment, for my delusion has brought its own penalty in the cruelest suffering my life has ever known."

Her face had been very pale, but its pallor seemed to intensify as he spoke; once more she looked at him—with the love in her eyes there mingled a strange look of compassion.

There was a minute's silence; Cecil gently drew her hand from Montagu Arnold's, and rose slowly to her feet, standing a beautiful, desolate-looking figure, beside the little couch.

She was, as usual, all in white, and wore a long, loose gown, which fell around her in long, straight folds, but there was none of the usual coquetry and daintiness visible in her attire.

She looked worn and haggard, like a person who has had many a sleepless night, and there were dark marks, almost like bruises, under her beautiful sad eyes, while her hair was pushed roughly back from her little white face.

"Yes," she said, faintly, in a low, hoarse voice, "you have a right to an explanation of what seems strange to you, and I cannot blame you that you ask for it. It should have been yours later in any case: since you wish it, it shall be yours now."

"I, too, have a right to be present at this explanation," said a hoarse, breathless voice from the threshold of the glass door, and, turning with a start, the two young men saw Jessie Danecourt standing just within the room, a strange look on her white face, her hands groping feebly before her, her head uncovered.

As they stared at her in silent astonishment, too much startled to speak or move, she staggered forward a few steps, then stood still, swaying slightly, and before anyone could interpose, fell forward at their feet in a swoon.

CHAPTER XX.

WITH an exclamation of pain, Montagu Arnold was springing forward to his fiancee's assistance, when Sir Hugh put him almost roughly aside.

"You shall not touch her," he said between his set teeth; "not yet, until I know whether you are worthy. Leave her to me."

The barrister drew back at once, white as death, but proud and calm. Sir Hugh lifted his sister and placed her in a deep armchair which stood near the place where she had fallen.

She was in a dead faint; her agitation, her swift run from the Hall to the Gate House had had the natural result on so delicate a frame as Jessie Danecourt's; her pretty head fell heavily back against the cushions of her chair, her hands dropped helplessly over its arms, her eyes were closed.

Her appearance and Sir Hugh's bitter words, strange from his lips when spoken to Montagu Arnold, seemed to arouse Cecil; she came hastily forward, and looked at Sir Hugh over his sister's motionless figure.

"What is it?" she said in surprise. "Why do you speak in such a manner?"

"Do you ask?" he said with sudden anger. "You?"

"Yes, I ask. Why not?"

He drew slightly back, looking down at her.

"You do not understand," Montagu Arnold said bitterly. "He thinks—she also, poor child—that I am your lover."

For a moment her eyes went from one to the other with a wondering glance, then a faint little incredulous laugh broke from her pale lips.

"My lover! You?" she said in a bitter, mocking tone. "My lover!"

That was all. There was no denial, no anger, no reproach; but Sir Hugh knew in that moment whatever link bound those two together, it was not love—that whatever they were to each other, they were not lovers.

"And she believed it, too?" Cecil murmured in a low, pitiful tone. "Poor little doubting heart."

She bent gently over the armchair and raised Jessie's head upon her arm, while with the other hand she took from a little table near her a bottle of smelling salts, which she held to the fainting girl's nostrils.

The two men looked on in silence, struck, even in their anxiety, by the pretty tenderness of Cecil's manner, the almost maternal care of the girl who was her senior by a year two, but who looked so much younger than the haggard woman bending over her.

As soon as Jessie's white lids began to flicker, Cecil gently laid her head back upon the cushions, and going to a side table, poured out some water from a *carafe* which stood there, and brought it to Jessie.

The girl was reviving now, struggling with the sense of returning life which is so painful. She opened her eyes and swallowed some of the water, then let her head fall languidly back upon Cecil's supporting arm, and looked up at her with dim eyes. There was a puzzled expression on her face as it rested against Cecil's arm.

"You are better?" Cecil said gently.

"Have I been ill?" Jessie whispered feebly.

"You fainted," Cecil answered, putting away the soft hair from Jessie's temples with gentle, caressing fingers. "I think you must have walked too fast," she added. "Was that not it?"

Jessie lifted her head, and glanced slowly around the room; the disturbed faces of the two young men, the strange room, unlike any at the Hall, Cecil's pale, grave looks told her what she had forgotten; she half rose, then sank back on the cushions again and burst into tears.

Once more Montagu made a step towards her; once more Sir Hugh's hand upon his arm arrested him.

"Wait!" he said imperatively; "she and I must know the truth."

He had spoken in a low voice, but low as the words had been, Jessie heard them. She dropped her hands from before her face and lifted it to Cecil.

"Oh, Cecil!" she said, faintly, "it is not true! Tell me that it is not true! I love him so!"

Cecil put her chill hand on the trembling fingers.

"You love him and yet you doubt him?" she said, sadly. "That seems so strange."

It was strange that, in her jealous sorrow, the girl did not shrink from Cecil, from the woman of whom she was jealous, as she had done from the women who first implanted the seeds of suspicion and jealousy in her heart.

Something in the grave sadness on Cecil's face, in the pitying tenderness of her look and touch, seemed to soothe her. Before she could speak, Sir Hugh interposed hastily.

"It is not strange that she should doubt him" he said bitterly. "I love you, and yet—and yet how can I help but doubt you, Cecil?"

Her eyes left Jessie's face and turned slowly upon his; she looked at him steadily for a moment.

"That is nothing," she said, in a low steady tone. "You have cause to doubt me; she has no cause to doubt him."

Sir Hugh fell back a step, lividly pale; a gleam of eager hope lighted up Jessie's dim eyes.

"Say those words again Cecil," she said, faintly, "they seem to give me life."

For a moment Cecil said nothing; she had been looking at Hugh, and thinking of him; she had forgotten the trembling girl at her side, whose hand sought hers so

eagerly. She looked down at her now with a faint, forced smile.

"You have no cause to doubt him," she said, steadily. "He has given you no cause, for he is true and staunch, Jessie. I am sorry that his charity and forbearance for a most unhappy woman, should have caused him to be misjudged. But he will forgive me—and he loves you, Jessie.

The grave, sad tones carried conviction with them. Jessie was crying still, but more quietly now, as she leaned her head on Cecil, who stood beside her chair.

"He is nothing to you?" Sir Hugh said hoarsely, more bewildered that ever.

"Nothing," she answered steadily.

"Not a friend?"

"Not even that," she replied with a faint, bitter smile. "Yet as I have good cause to know, not my enemy."

"Then what is the mystery between you?" Sir Hugh said passionately. "There is something. What is it? You have met before—why not be frank, and tell me where? What is this mystery? The suspense is more than I can bear."

"You shall know all, soon," she said, in a low voice. "If I could, I would have spared you! I would have died to spare you, Hugh."

Her eyes rested upon him with a look of unutterable love and unutterable sadness for a moment, then she bent over Jessie.

"I think you are unfit for any further excitement to-day," she said gently. "I only hope this agitation will not have made you ill. Let me take you to Laura now, she will take care of you."

Jessie rose. She was faint and languid still, and Cecil put her arm around her to support her.

Montagu Arnold made a step towards them.

"You no longer doubt me, Jessie?" he said rather sternly, with the righteous anger of an honorable man unjustly accused.

"Oh, no! oh, no!" the girl said earnestly. "I was mad when I doubted you, Monty. Forgive me?"

"Forgive her," Cecil urged gently. "Hers was 'jealousy in love.'"

Jessie had put out her trembling little hand to him, and, after a moment's hesitation, he bent and kissed her, then crossed the room to open the door for them.

Sir Hugh's eyes followed the two girls with a fixed, intent gaze, as they left the room, Cecil supporting Jessie's feeble steps, until the door closed upon them; then he threw himself into a chair, crossed his arms upon a table near him, and dropped his head upon them.

Arnold stood pale and proud by the window, and neither uttered a word. The silence was so intense that the first drops of the rain, as it recommenced to fall, pattering upon the pavement of the verandah, made them start.

Meanwhile, in a deep silence, Cecil had led Jessie Dancourt across the hall and up the shallow oaken stairway; Jessie was recovered now, and might perhaps have spoken, save for the look in Cecil's eyes, which held her silent.

No marble was ever whiter or more fixed than her face, the girl thought, trembling as she looked up at it, wondering what this terrible thing was which had fallen suddenly upon them when they were all so happy.

At the door of Mrs. Geith's boudoir Cecil paused, and, pushing it open, led Jessie into the room. Its mistress was walking to and fro restlessly, the rich, dark beauty of her face marred by recent tears; she turned with a start and stood still as they entered, looking so much alarmed that Jessie trembled and clung to Cecil.

"What is it?" Laura asked Cecil breathlessly.

"It has come, dear," Cecil answered gently. "I knew it could not be long now. The storm has burst, and this poor child is the first victim. Will you take care of her for a little while, and tell her again—what I think she is sure of now—that Montagu Arnold never was and never will be my lover; that if he has any feeling but indifference towards me, it is that of contempt."

"No, no, not contempt," Jessie said earnestly.

Cecil shook her head with a little smile, loosed the girl's clinging hands, and put her into her sister's arms.

"Be good to her, Laura," she said tremulously. "I am the cause of her pain," then, without waiting for any reply, she hurried from the room, closing the door upon them with nervous haste.

But once alone, once free from the constraining influence of the presence of others, her own strength seemed to give way utterly before the terrible ordeal before her; her limbs suddenly failed her, she fell down upon her knees on the landing, trembling, gasping for breath, shaking like the leaves of an aspen tree.

What she had gone through in the bitter past, the past which was now to be reopened, seemed as nothing compared to this anguish, which had come upon her earlier than she had thought.

She had wanted a few days to rest, to get strength for the ordeal—a few hours even would have been of service to her; but this had come when she was prostrated with the excitement of the previous day, the long, sleepless night, and the agitation of those interviews with Montagu Arnold when they had tried in vain to soften the blow to the man they both loved—to spare him they knew was impossible.

And now it had to come, the time she so feared and dreaded; she must tell him; she must confess the bitter truth; she must see the love and faith die out of his eyes, and contempt and scorn come in their stead.

How could she bear it? Awhile ago, although he had spoken to her angrily and coldly, with bitter words, he had yet looked at her tenderly; but now the tenderness would be no longer in his eyes when they met hers.

And he would suffer—ah, great Heaven! he would suffer. That was the thought which was most full of bitterness where every thought was bitter. He would suffer!

If the doubt of her love for him had given him pain, and made him pale and haggard and worn, what would the truth do for him?—how would he bear to hear what she could not bear to tell?

She rose feebly to her feet, helping herself by a carved chair which stood near her, and then, leaning against the wall, managed to reach the staircase.

Faint and weak and shaken she was in body, but her mind was perfectly clear, no merciful unconsciousness came to her relief; she could feel and see in anticipation the suffering of which she was so soon to be a witness in reality.

A chill as of death itself was creeping over her, but she did not faint; she crept slowly down the shallow steps, leaning heavily against the balustrade, a ghostlike figure in her long, straight white gown.

At the door of the little room where she had left her lover, she paused again, overcome once more by the terrible weakness which she could not shake off; she stood with her hand on the quaint old brass handle, leaning against the heavy oaken frame of the door; nerveless and strengthless, yet with all her senses keen and clear. How still it was within the little room! What was there behind the closed door!

Had they gone? Were they there still? What sound was that? Only the rain falling heavily and mournfully, as if the skies were weeping for her anguish.

With a desperate effort she mastered her emotion, and abruptly turning the handle, pushed open the door and entered the room.

The young barrister stood motionless by the window; Hugh sat with his proud, fair head bowed upon his arms; outside the rain fell heavily, pattering loudly on the roof of the verandah, with a dreary, monotonous sound.

CHAPTER XXI.

NEITHER of the young men heard Cecil enter the room, but the sharp closing of the door which escaped from her shaking hand, made them both look up.

For a moment she stood trembling just within the room, then, as she came forward, Sir Hugh, who had been watching her intently, rose up suddenly, and caught her almost roughly in his strong arms.

"Cecil," he said passionately, looking down with jealous, loving eyes at the little pale face, in which the great lustrous eyes shone so wide and brilliant, and full of feverish pain, "I think I am mad to trust you, and yet if you will but assure me of your truth, no earthly power will make me doubt you again!"

Her eyes rested on his face with a great love, a great tenderness, a great pity, a great admiration. She made no effort to disengage herself from his arms, she stood passive and motionless, as if there were no life in her, save in her large lustrous eyes.

"If I spoke harshly to you a while ago, forgive me," he went on hurriedly. "It was such pain to doubt you, that it almost maddened me, and I am not patient under suffering, Cecil; I am not used to it, you know!"

Her lips parted a little, as if she were about to speak, but no words came; her eyes filled slowly with great tears, which rolled down her pallid cheeks.

Sir Hugh closed his own eyes for a moment to shut out the sight of the anguish which struck on his heart like a sudden chill.

"Don't, my darling!" he said brokenly. "I was mad this afternoon—I am sane now; I have recovered my senses, and am in my right mind. I only want one word from you, Cecil—just your own assurance that I was mistaken—and we will never speak of this again."

Cecil found her voice now, in her desperation.

"Mistaken in what?" she asked faintly.

"In thinking that Montagu Arnold was your lover," he answered promptly.

A faint, bitter smile crossed her lips.

"No, he is not, he never was, he never will be my lover," she answered steadily. "He is your friend, Hugh, your friend, leal and true. That reason alone would be sufficient to prevent him from being my lover; but if that reason did not exist, if we had met when we were both free, he would not have been my lover."

Sir Hugh's face, which had brightened, suddenly darkened again.

"Why?" he said simply.

"Because he knows me; he knows who and what I am," she replied, in a low tone, which was perfectly steady.

She had put her little clasped hands on her breast when he had taken her in his arms; she bowed her head upon them now to shut out the beloved, pleading, jealous face bending over her.

"Who and what you are!" he repeated, in amazement. "Cecil, what foolish jest is this? Why do you try me so cruelly? Are you not Cecil Lestrange, whom I love and who loves me? Ah! tell me, dear, you love me, you have not ceased to love me?"

She gave him a fleeting, upward glance, then let her head sink forward again.

"Love you!" she repeated in a low tone of pain. "While I have life I shall have love for you, Hugh, my dearest! my dearest!"

"Then," he began, when suddenly a thought struck him; he held her away from him so that he could look into her face. "Cecil!" he exclaimed, "you are not—no, that is impossible! You say he is not your lover; he is not, he cannot be, your husband?"

"He my husband—oh, no!" she said, faintly. "I have no husband."

"You swear that?" he said, imperatively.

"If you wish it," she answered, letting her head, in utter weariness, fall forward on his breast again.

"Then, if you are a free woman," he said tenderly, "what can come between us?"

"That is for you to say," she said in a low tone, so low that, although he bent his head low over hers, he could barely hear the words.

"Then tell me," he whispered fondly, stooping his head until his lips rested on the roughened locks of her yellow hair. "Tell me this terrible secret which Monty shares with you, and which has caused so much trouble and suffering to-day. Oh, Cecil! if you knew what madness it was to doubt you, to think you unworthy, to believe you anything but the sweet, true woman I deemed you, and believe you yet."

"But which I am not," she whispered faintly, her head resting more heavily against him, as she stood trembling in his strong fond arms.

"Which you are not, Cecil?" he repeated nervously, but with an incredulous little smile. "Do you expect me to believe that my judgment is so greatly at fault?"

"You will believe presently," she murmured. "You must believe it, Hugh, when you know—oh, Heaven! how can I tell him!"

But for his arms she would have fallen to the floor at his feet, but he held her closely pressed to his hard-beating heart.

"Tell me, darling," he urged, fondly. "Tell me, I will not be a hard judge. Do you forget, Cecil, that I love you?"

"That is what makes it so hard," she replied. "That is what makes it so hard to tell you the truth!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCRAPS OF TIME.—The poet Campbell is said to have calculated that a man who shaves himself every day, and lives to the age of three-score years and ten, expends in his life as much time in the act of shaving as would suffice for learning seven languages. The great French naturalist, Cuvier, said that he found himself wasting as much time with the shaving brush and razor as amounted to at least four days in the year, and he resolved thenceforth to waste no more precious time in that way, and to let his beard grow.

Bric-a-Brac.

NAMBY-PAMBY.—The epithet, "namby-pamby," means pap for infant minds. It was applied by the English poet, Pope, to the verses written for Lord Cartaret's children, by Ambrose Phillips. The first word is a baby way of pronouncing "Amby," i. e., Ambrose, and the second is a playful corruption of "Phillips."

ICE CREAM.—The first mention of this that is found in our history, is in the account of the festivities following Washington's first inauguration as President, in the city of New York, in 1789. Among the ices used on that occasion was ice cream, which is said to have been prepared, or at least suggested, by Dolly Adams, then the brightest star in social and diplomatic circles. The new confection made quite a sensation at the time, and probably helped to increase Dolly Adams' popularity.

THE OWL.—The owl has always been held to be the emblem of wisdom by some, and by others as an object of detestation and dread; and the cry of the screech owl at night, in rural districts, is said to precede disease and death. Should one of these birds screech while flying over a house, death is sure to follow to some one residing therein. Imperial Rome twice underwent lustration, to save herself from the direful consequences of a visit from one of those ill-omened birds.

HIRED COFFINS.—In Panama the poorer classes hire coffins in which to carry their dead to the grave. The body is then put in the earth and the coffin brought back with the mourners. The following is a form of a Panama undertaker's advertisement: "From this date hearses will be hired from our establishment at the following rates: $3, $5, $15, and $20. Coffins will be sold at lowest possible rates. Coffins hired out for one dollar, including bench on which to carry deceased to the grave."

THE PAWNBROKER.—A member of the fraternity says that the idea that pawnbrokers make most of their profit from poor people is erroneous. The truth is, poor people are their worst customers. They have nothing of value to pawn, and no money to redeem articles; and those who rely upon the poor for their trade accumulate a great deal of unsaleable stuff. The profits are made in dealing with the rich who suddenly require money, and who are able to redeem their pledges of jewelry and diamonds. It would surprise the public to learn the character of people who patronize the pawnbroker.

AUTHORITIES FOR IT.—Shakspeare seems to have been well up in most of the slang phrases of the present day. In Henry VIII. we have "too thin;" in King John, "come off," and "you are too green and fresh;" in A Winter's Tale, "what? never?" and although he does not exactly use the exclamation "rats," we have in Hamlet "a rat, a rat!" which is pretty near it. John Bunyan used the phrase, "it is a cold day," in connection with adversity, so it would seem that Solomon was not far from the truth when he said "there is nothing new under the sun," or words to that effect.

BLACK PINS.—Sitting alongside a lady in the train the other day she had occasion to adjust a portion of her dress which was fastened with a black pin, when the head broke in fragments and disclosed the fact that it was some kind of a composition fastened on a broken needle. Curiosity led a fellow passenger to make some inquiries, and he found that nearly all the black-headed pins in the market are made from needles which are broken in the factories in testing the eyes. Anyone who has handled the black-headed pins has probably noticed their remarkable sharpness as compared with the ordinary white pins sold in the market. This is the explanation—that they are old needles.

LULLABY.—This word is derived from the Latin, "Lilla abi," begone Lillith. Lillith was a famous witch in the middle ages, and is introduced in the night scene in "Faust." It is said the Hebrews had a peculiar belief that from Lillith, a female spectre, descended all the demons which tempt mankind. They believed Lillith to have been a wife of Adam before Eve's creation. Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" gives the story of Lillith, and pictures her as a beautiful woman, who lures men to destruction. A somewhat popular, and no doubt truer, idea of the origin of the word is that it is a corruption of L'Ellaby, the name of the fairy who was invoked by nurses to watch over sleeping babes, that they might not be changed by the elves.

ALONE.

BY L. E. W.

Always she stood before me—always!
Her eyes were dark, while mine were pale and sad;
On my wan cheek seldom the sunlight lingered,
Always to her the day was bright and glad;
Sunshine and roses—these she ever had.

In childhood, she with ways caressing,
Was always lifted to our mother's knee.
I turned aside to hide the tear-drop starting,
A little thing—but oh, so much to me!
I knew not then that it must always be.

And when sweet love came to my heart-door knocking,
O, stately love, with eyes of darkest blue!
And one joy brightened my shadowy life path.
He saw her beauty—and he left me, too.
That knife cut deep, though it was nothing new.

And even now she stands before—above me
In the fair city where no tears may flow;
Her life was joy, yet heavenly life was given,
While I—who, all forlorn and mourning go,
Press on through thorns, with footsteps faint and slow.

A FLOWER OF FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WILD WARRINGTONS," "LIKE LOST SHEEP," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

HER own mild gaze wandered from the brilliant canvas and rested them upon me. The dame uttered a little cry. I started—turned—our eyes met.

"What a foolish, fanciful old woman I am to be sure!" exclaimed Mrs. Jessamy apologetically. "Just now I actually thought—just for the minute—that—" She stammered—hesitated.

"Yes?" said I wonderingly.

"Oh, nothing, ma'am! It isn't worth telling," she answered quite gently. "I am a silly old woman there's no doubt of it;" and so saying, the housekeeper moved on down the room; and presently she stopped before another picture. "Here is what I want to show you, Mrs. Deane," she called to me. "See—this is Mr. Daryl."

I looked long and intently at the picture of Iola's father.

Although in the picture before me he was not yet grown to manhood—in fact, was a mere stripling—there was no mistaking for whom it was intended. It was Daryl Darkwood. The painting was cleverly done, the likeness was unquestionably a good one. His dark eyes, with the brilliant red-brown light in them that I knew so well, seemed to smile mockingly down into mine. I shuddered.

"It is very like," I muttered at last incautiously.

"Eh?" said Mrs. Jessamy, not quite understanding. "I beg your pardon, ma'am. Did you say that——"

I hastened to correct the unlucky slip, the blood rising hotly to my cheeks.

"I—I meant to say that—that from what you have told me, Mrs. Jessamy, I should judge the likeness to be a capital one;" adding in the same breath, "And at the horse's head, you say, is——" and stopping inquiringly; whilst Mrs. Jessamy, turning, fondly smiled at this her favourite picture, thus giving me time to recover my usual calm.

"Yes," said she, "there, at the mare's head, as you see, ma'am, stands my good man. Dear heart—he's in heaven, now!" repeated the dame confidently. "He was head-man about the place here at Redknights, for upward of forty year; and now in Hazel churchyard, he lies at peace, hard by the vault of the Darkwoods. He served 'em well in life, if ever servant did, and almost with his last breath he asked to be buried near the family."

Here was a portrait of the old squire himself, taken years back, in hunting-dress—in dapper pink, with a black velvet peaked cap upon his head, crop in hand and with eager hounds snuffling at his feet. There, close by, hung the Squire's wife, painted in a velvet gown, with a dusky crimson curtain, and a faint blue landscape beyond it in the rear of her. She had been a beautiful young Irishwoman of high degree—the loveliest gentlewoman of her line, said Mrs. Jessamy; and there was something of the look of her grandson Daryl, I thought, but did not say so, in the turn of her small, haughty head and in the direct gaze of her proud dark eyes.

"She died young," observed Mrs. Jessamy softly.

Here was a famous Darkwood beauty, fair and joyous-looking, of the reign of George III. There hung a dashing and handsome, but worthless young fellow who had not been altogether unknown at the Court of George IV.

"He was killed, poor young man, in a duel in Flanders," observed Mrs. Jessamy mournfully; "and from all accounts—for it was an ugly story, with a lady in it, I am afraid, ma'am, he deserved his fate."

"Why, he is like Daryl!" cried I again involuntarily.

In mild surprise Mrs. Jessamy stared at me.

"Do you mean our Mr. Daryl—him that we have been speaking about this evening—or some one else?" questioned she, with her pretty old smile.

"No—I mean yes," I replied, in some confusion; and this time I could hit upon no handy commonplace remark or conversational turn with which to cover my second lapsus linguæ.

"Well, there is certainly a slight resemblance, now that you mention it, Mrs. Deane," said the housekeeper, thoughtfully; "but I never noticed it before. That unhappy young man there was a thorough Darkwood, and so is Mr. Daryl. Perhaps that's it," added she vaguely, with a parting glance at the picture of the wild young courtier who had been run through the body in a foreign land.

"And have you no portrait here of Mr. Eversleigh?" I inquired at random, anxious to hurry on Mrs. Jessamy, if possible, towards the forgetting of the blunders I had so stupidly committed.

"Not here," she replied; "but I believe the mistress has one of him in an album—for she is very fond of Mr. Leigh Eversleigh. You see, ma'am, he doesn't rightly belong to our family—he's on the other side; indeed, he is merely a distant connection of the late Captain Eversleigh."

Some of the pictures were of quite ancient date, and were too, said my genial old guide, exceedingly valuable.

She had the names of the dead-and-gone painters of those dingier canvases at her glib tongue's end; and with much pride and dignity did the dame point out to me the cavalier Darkwoods of a long time ago—the dashing foemen of the low-born usurper, Oliver Cromwell, as with quaint disdain she termed the great Protector.

Near to an end window, through which poured warmly the dying sunglow, and, catching the rich color of the heavy window drapery, lay tremulous there in blood red splashes upon the bare, black oak floor of this grand old dining-hall, with a start I noticed a portrait group of three—three separate pictures, I mean.

It was the centre one which seized my attention.

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Jessamy, sympathetically following the direction my eyes had taken. "Upon one side of that lovely picture, ma'am, you see her brother, Captain Darkwood, upon the other side of her hangs the Captain's wife—she was a Miss Hetherington of High Whitfield Grange. That, of course, in the middle is——"

"Yes—who is that that hangs between the other two?" I interrupted almost breathlessly, having neither head nor hearing just then for aught but that centre portrait. Where, in what circumstances in my life before had I beheld that same bright yet serious face, with the clear, faint, rose leaf complexion, that same soft dark hair with a purple glint upon it, and those sweet and serious dark-blue, dark-lashed eyes?—Where was it—in dreams or in actual life? Where?

"That, of course," Mrs. Jessamy was repeating, "between the other two is the dear mistress herself; though no one who never saw her when she was a young and happy girl, would, I must allow, recognize that for her picture. Dear heart, so sadly changed is she! Yet I, Mrs. Deane, can well remember her, you know, as she was then, the most beautiful young woman in Buckinghamshire. That portrait was painted by a celebrated London artist; and the Squire paid him no less than two or three hundred guineas for it, if I remember rightly. But it was Mr. Daryl, a long while afterwards, who, with his Aunt Marion's consent, painted in that crimson rose which you see, ma'am, there upon her breast. Mr. Daryl himself had a very skilful hand with his pencil and paint-brush; and, as the mistress's picture had grown a bit faded, he said that a dash of color would brighten it up again."

"Was the portrait," I asked, a trifle huskily, "painted before or after her marriage?"

I could not remove my eyes from the picture of Mrs. Eversleigh—painted as she had been and as Redknights had known her in her happy girlhood.

"Oh, before," was the dame's reply—"in the days when she was Mrs. Marion Darkwood! After her marriage her health was always delicate or she would have gone to India with Captain Eversleigh. When that last cruel blow fell upon her—I mean the death of her child in so terrible a manner—her strength and spirits declined and utterly gave way; her health then broke down altogether."

"Tell me something about it," I said, in tones that were still hoarse and difficult, and with my gaze still riveted upon the fair, lovely face of Marion Darkwood. In her picture she looked as if she and sorrow could have naught to do with each other; and yet, in the on-coming years, as Marion Eversleigh, how had it been with her? She had drained "the chalice of grief" to its very dregs!

"Have you never heard the story of the loss of Mrs. Eversleigh's little daughter, her one little child in whom her very life was wrapped up, who was indeed as the whole world to her?" the dame inquired, in genuine astonishment. "Dear, dear! I thought that everybody had heard the tale; for it is rarely, unless it be in an old family like ours, that you will find such a tragic thing happening to any one. In an old family like ours, ma'am, there is always a secret, a ghost, or a tragedy," said Mrs. Jessamy, bridling.

"Something of it," I rejoined rather absently, "some time ago I certainly did hear from Mr. Leigh Eversleigh. But I believe he could tell me only part of the story."

Herself nothing loath to give me further enlightenment, Mrs. Jessamy cleared her voice, primly, as she did so, folding her hands before her.

"After all, Mrs. Deane," said she, "it is a story that is soon told, it is a short and grievous one, and soon told. Upward of twenty years ago the mistress had in her service here at Redknights a wretch of a woman," said Mrs. Jessamy sternly, "called Rachel Owen. She was at that time Mrs. Eversleigh's abigail; and I do not believe that a more evil-natured creature than Rachel Owen ever drew breath on this earth. She was engaged to be married, or so it was supposed, to a Giles Hardman, a by no means young man, and one in every way, I should say, about as bad as herself. So far they were a good match.

"Giles Hardman was one of the Squire's under-keepers; but, being strongly suspected of having mixed himself up with a notorious burglary-poaching gang, though as yet he had never been caught red-handed—he was under notice to take himself off. He was a low-browed, sulky-looking brute; and he went about muttering, so it was said, that somehow or other he'd be revenged.

"Rachel Owen, ma'am, was a bold hussy, if ever there was one; and frequently she was as insolent as she was brazen. Her tempers and tantrums were shocking sometimes. 'I really cannot put up much longer, Mrs. Jessamy, with Owen's behavior,' the dear mistress would occasionally say to me. 'She is becoming simply intolerable. Greatly as I dislike strange faces around me, I must send her away, and try to get some one else.'

"One day the mistress's bell rang sharply. She sent for me. She was trembling with anger and indignation. 'Mrs. Jessamy,' she said quietly, 'pay Rachel Owen whatever is due to her; give her a month's wages besides; and you yourself see, if you please, that she leaves the house within an hour. Her boxes—whatever belongings she may have of her own, can follow her if they are not ready. But, for herself, she is to quit the house as soon as possible.'

"This was on a dull afternoon in November. Rachel Owen, with an evil laugh, did leave Redknights within the hour—I standing at an upper window to watch her depart.

"She looked back at me defiantly, still with a horrible smile upon her features, and shook her clenched hand at the house she was quitting. Bold as brass, Mrs. Deane, she with her belongings went straight to Giles Hardman's cottage.

"At Redknights on that same morning, it was indeed a dreadful state of affairs. It was discovered that during the night the house had been broken into—an entrance having been effected through a pantry window—and that the one thing stolen by the cowardly thieves, was just the most precious thing that the house contained—little Flower Eversleigh, the poor mistress' only child."

"But the nurse," suggested I dreamily, my eyes once more wandering, as Mrs. Jessamy had paused, upward to the fair, untroubled face of Marion Darkwood, "where was she? What was she doing?"

"There were two nurses sleeping in the child's room at the time," gravely replied Mrs. Jessamy, "the head nurse, an elderly, experienced person, and another, a young woman. The child's cot was empty—like a robbed nest—the two women were slumbering heavily, and could not be roused. Doctor Wynter came—he was a young man in those days, and in partnership with his father—and said they wouldn't wake for hours. They had been chloroformed or drugged."

"And the child was never found—never again heard of?"

"Never, ma'am. But later on in the day a little black velvet bonnet and cape, lined with white satin—which the mistress had made with her own loving hands—were seen caught amongst the weeds and rushes of the river down yonder in the park, and we knew, alas, that the very worst had happened—the child had been murdered—drowned!"

"But, of course, they searched for the child everywhere?" I put in mechanically.

"Ah, trust me, Mrs. Deane!" sorrowfully replied the old woman. "Be sure what could be done was done unweariedly, yet all to no purpose whatever. The river is swift and deep, with a frightful under-current which is more dangerous than one can imagine, and with weedy holes here and there in its bed that some of the foolish ones in Hazel would tell you, are so deep that you can't touch the bottom of 'em—no, not with the longest withy-pole that ever was! Nevertheless, the stream was dragged and drawn off wherever it was possible to drag and drain it; but no tidings—no good tidings came to us; no trace was ever found, save the little bonnet and cap I have mentioned, ma'am, of the lost child. She was gone. She had been murdered, it was clear, and it was supposed by every one—for we tried not to think of—of the others," said Mrs. Jessamy, dropping her voice and shuddering, that the little body had been swept along by the current and lost beyond all hope in the river Bourne, which the Redknights river joins, as you know, Mrs. Deane, just a mile or so below the grounds of Hazel Manor-house. It's not for me to talk of the mother's grief; no poor words of mine could describe such broken-hearted sorrow as hers. Only to think of it—aye, after all these years—makes my own heart ache afresh."

"I remember," I remarked, slowly, recalling Leigh's own words in speaking of the Redknights tragedy, "Mr. Leigh Eversleigh's telling me, that although every effort was made at the time to track Rachel Owen and her companion in guilt to their hiding-place in London, all endeavors toward this righteous end failed utterly. Notwithstanding the large reward which was offered for any information concerning them, they were never captured?"

"No," cried the dame, indignantly, "but wickedness, in the long run, rarely, if ever, prospers! Giles Hardman and Rachel Owen, it is true, managed for a while to escape the clutches of the law, but before another twelvemonth had gone over their heads—at least so we heard afterwards—the pair of 'em, ma'am, had come to a bad end and——"

"I know—I have heard," I interrupted, hastily. "The man, in a savage, drunken fit, or something of the kind, killed the woman, I believe, and he paid the penalty of his crime in the usual way. Mrs. Jessamy," I added, with an abruptness of mien which I fear must have seemed peculiarly ungracious to the kind, little, old dame, "this great room—is it not?—is growing somewhat dim and ghostly, now that the sun has gone down and the dusk is falling. Let us get away—shut it up again! All the same, I thank you heartily, for allowing me to accompany you here to look at the pictures."

Mrs. Jessamy protested that I must not thank her! To show me the portraits of the "family," and chat with me about the originals of them, had, she declared, given her sincere pleasure. And I felt sure that she spoke but the truth.

So she locked the mighty oak door of the great dining-hall, and left the place once more to the silence and the darkness—perhaps to ghosts of the dead-and-gone Darkwoods. I then shook hands with Mrs. Jessamy and up to my room.

Somehow, as I mounted the stairs and went along the quiet corridors, my mind dwelt a good deal more closely upon the exquisite fair face of Marion Darkwood, than upon the story of the loss of the beloved only child of Marion Eversleigh.

Where—where in my life before, I kept asking myself, had I looked upon that same girlish face, so serious, so sweet, so singularly haunting in its fresh, bright youth? Where?

Suddenly I recollected. A cloud, as it were, passed from my memory, and all tantalising doubt with regard to the face of the portrait vanished.

I reached my room, which in the past had been Daryl's old room, and locked myself within it. I crossed straightway to the set of drawers which formed the base of my wardrobe.

Hidden away there in a corner of one of them was a small faded drawing, water-color tinted, carefully wrapped in a sheet of silver tissue-paper, the rapidly but cleverly done sketch of a girl in a washed-out blue muslin gown, with blue ribbons knotted loosely about her throat and her hat, and with long sprays of the dusky periwinkle-plant in a fantastic manner adorning her person as well.

Underneath the sketch, in letters of pale blue and olive-green, was painted one word, the fanciful name that Daryl himself had given me—"Periwinkle."

Yes, it was Daryl's own work, the forgotten likeness of myself which, on the day before that of my flight with him from the home of Simon Creedy, he had sent to me at Moor Edge by the hand of some Stonyhampton waif!

I carried the faded sketch to the open window, and there knelt with it and stared at it in the waning evening light. A bell was ringing.

It was time for me to go down and meet Marion Eversleigh at dinner. But I did not rise, I could not, did not stir from the open window.

In the twilight I knelt there, scarcely breathing, with the tinted drawing that had been done long ago by Daryl Darkwood held close to my perplexed and wondering eyes.

The face of Marion Darkwood in the beautiful portrait downstairs and the face of the lonely girl that Daryl had so carelessly drawn and tinted in the old Moor Edge days were, or so it seemed to me, one and the same.

The resemblance of the two, each to the other, was in its way distinct, perfect!

So, like a woman with wits entranced, I was telling myself—forgetting that fancy, a too-vivid imagination, will play one strange pranks sometimes.

CHAPTER XLII.

"GOOD morning, Mrs. Deane," cried the Squire, in his high cracked voice, "good morning! I need not ask you how you are, you are looking so fresh and bonny, quite bonny! Allow me to express my thanks to you once more for your charming singing, Buckle, you dunce, stop, can't you? for your charming singing of last night, Mrs. Deane," quavered he shrilly.

I went up to his chair, a roomy and well-hooded bath-chair it was, apparently full of shawls and cushions, amongst which the shrunken figure of the very old man looked as if it were about to slip altogether out of sight, and he took my hand into his own palsied gloved one, patting it with the other in a quite simple and childish manner before he let it go.

The Squire had been "about again," as Buckle called it, and able to take his midday airing upon the terrace or along the broad garden walks, for some few weeks past now.

I and the feeble old man thus had it oddly come to pass, had grown to be capital friends.

Since the health and spirits of Mrs. Eversleigh had so greatly improved she had by degrees got to live less within her silent and shadowy rooms upstairs.

We dined now, she and I together, in a snug room, a kind of morning-room, which opened into the library.

After dinner we drank our coffee and spent the remainder of the evening in a pleasant and pretty apartment which at Redknights was known as the white drawing-room.

Here in plenty were new books from Maudie's, magazines and "society journals" in abundance too; whilst in an alcove

shaded by a white-and-gold-threaded Oriental curtain, strung with ivory rings upon a slim gilt rod, there stood a grand piano that had been newly tuned.

My singing appeared to astonish and to delight the dear folk at Redknights; and Mrs. Eversleigh, and indeed the Squire himself, never seemed to grow weary of the songs that I sang to them.

My repertory was a wide one; but the old man loved best the ballads of a by-gone day.

Regularly every evening now, attired in a smart Indian dressing-gown, he never failed to appear if he was well, and leaning upon the arm of the patient Buckle, did he totter down to the white dressing-room; and there by that admirable valet was his aged master "settled" and made comfortable in a huge arm-chair by the open window.

The Squire drank neither tea nor coffee; they did not agree with him, upsetting his digestion and rendering him unendurably tiresome.

Buckle, having arranged his master to his—the Squire's—satisfaction—which, by-the-way, was no easy task—then went and fetched down the old man's decanter of port and a wine-glass, which the valet placed upon a table within convenient reach of his hand.

It was, I believe, this generous cordial, which was as old as, perhaps older than, the Squire himself, that kept him living and warm.

Sitting there, in the sweet gray gloaming, a black velvet cap covering his almost hairless skull, the fragrant garden-air blowing in with the faint twilight rustle of midsummer leaves, the Squire would sip his wine, and nod his head to the time of the music, sometimes clapping his hands in senile applause when a favorite ditty was ended.

And then, when his bed-time arrived, and Buckle appeared in order to lead him away, he would as a rule take my hand in his, kiss it in quite courtly fashion, pat it, fondle it, and perhaps shed a few childish tears over it also, saying that only to listen to my beautiful voice made the blood dance within his veins, so that he really felt like a young "buck" again!

Sometimes his dim old mind would wander in a manner that was truly remarkable, and he would persistently call me "Marion."

On these occasions I was bewildered to know in what way to answer him, and would glance appealingly across the room to Mrs. Eversleigh.

She then would rise directly, and go over to the Squire's chair.

And, with her thin jeweled hand upon his shoulder, she would bend down to him and say tenderly—

"Here am I, father. That is Mrs. Deane, who has been singing to us, you know."

"Pooh," quoth the old man rudely once—"as if I didn't know my own daughter, the fairest girl in all Buckinghamshire! You, madam, I suspect, are Mrs. Thingumy. You lean, bonny woman, as flat as a board, you are not Marion!"

And he pinched her arm so spitefully that she nearly cried out with the pain he had caused her.

And sometimes he would refuse to leave the white drawing-room when it was half-past ten, querulously declaring that it was not yet bed-time, the clocks were all wrong, some had been tampering with them, putting them forward.

And no doubt, said his master, it was that scoundrel Buckle who had done it, being anxious, for some atrocious reason or other, to get him, the Squire, off to bed before the proper hour.

And he would then proceed to inflict upon Buckle's unlucky arm pinch after pinch that would have made a less heroic soul than he yell amain with agony.

But Buckle made no sign, never did; he was used to it.

Besides, was he not down in the master's will? and surely, thought he, it could not go on much longer!

Nevertheless a whispered word from me would at any time render the fractious old Squire docile; and once he looked up into my face and began to cry, as very old people sometimes will, saying in his high and quavering voice, which on some days was more cracked and shrill than on others—

"Heaven bless you, Marion! Why have you been so long away from me, eh? I thought you never, never were coming back to your poor old father!" whimpered he.

Yet never by any accident or lapse of memory did he mention his grandson's name.

Mrs. Eversleigh told me that, since the Squire had sunk into this pitiable dotage-state, her father had not once by any inmate of Redknights, been heard to give utterance to the name of Daryl.

"You are indeed a magician, Frances," said Marion Eversleigh one evening to me, with grateful tears shining in her dear eyes, when the Squire had been more unmanageable than usual in his conduct, and when I had been successful in persuading him to go away quietly with Buckle, though he had pinched and sworn shrilly to the poor man all the way upstairs, "nothing short of a magician, Frances! My father, in the most extraordinary manner, seemed to take to you, as Mrs. Jessamy says, on the very first day that he saw you; though it was rarely that he would speak to, or really notice with any kindness at all, any one of my 'companions' before you. 'Who's that new woman? Where did you get her from, Marion?' he was continually saying. 'What, another of 'em, and another of 'em, and another of 'em! Why, how many more; and where do you put 'em all to, eh?' But see how different everything is now that you are with us! In truth, a wondrous and welcome change has dawned upon our life at Redknights! It is years, my dear friend, since I felt so happy and so strong: and then, too, I say, look at my father! Who in the house can manage him as you do? Your music and your society, Frances, are an infinite pleasure to him, and do him all the good in the world. Frankly, I can hardly recollect the time when last I saw him as lithe and chatty as he has been of late. What a real blessing your coming to Redknights has proved, dear, has it not?"

She smiled, and winningly held out both hands to me as she spoke.

I met them with mine, held them close, and pressed my head against her shoulder.

"It is sweet and kind of you to say so," I murmured, with a sense of happiness so great that it was akin to pain itself.

Almost insensibly, as time went on, she had got into the habit of calling me Frances; though the name, whenever spoken by her tender voice, was verily like a stab to my own heart, I so well knowing that name to be a lie!

Often, as I had done this morning, I would encounter the old Squire in his roomy bath-chair taking the air in the garden or upon the wide terrace-walk, with the faithful and stolid Buckle in attendance.

Also not infrequently I would catch him, in his high cracked voice, swearing at the patient valet, who of course bore it all unmoved.

But at my approach the old man would cease in his shrill abuse, brighten perceptibly, and then occasionally fall to chatting to me with quite rational ease, as indeed he did this morning.

When we met thus, I generally lingered with him and walked slowly by his chair until it was time for him to go indoors for his luncheon.

But, as a rule, his talk was wild and hard to follow; and at such times he always perversely called me Marion.

Could it be possible, I wondered sometimes, that even his dim old eyes could now and again discern the curious likeness which I had myself detected between . . . Faugh!

It was folly to imagine such a thing for an instant; and I flung, as it were, the thought away from me.

"Marion, I presume," blithely said the Squire that day, with amazing clearness for him, "is indoors, Mrs. Deane?"

Yes, I told him; Mrs. Eversleigh was indoors, in her own room, writing letters.

I had come out alone to gather some fresh flowers for the white drawing-room.

"Marion writing her own letters, is she? He, he, he!"

The Squire here cackled and choked in the queerest, shrillest manner; then after a little while he was able to go on.

"You are making a new woman of my daughter, Mrs. Deane," said he. "Why, we shall have her taking horse-exercise next, and riding across country and coming a cropper with the best of us, as she did, and thought nothing of it, when she was a girl. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, he, he!"

"I am thankful, sir, to see her so well," I answered gravely, a trifle disgusted, to speak the truth, at the old man's unseemly levity where my dear Mrs. Eversleigh was concerned.

"So well, indeed! He, he, no!" piped the Squire. "I don't believe, Mrs. Deane, between you and me, that Marion ever was really so bad as she fancied herself. She moped and brooded and got hysterical. Lots of women, bless you, madam, get like that if they've plenty of money and no healthy occupation! With some of 'em it's worse still, they take to drinking. Oh, yes, they do, I tell you! He, he, he! And then —— Buckle, you dunce," shrieked the old man, "why do you jolt my bones in that barbarous fashion? If you see a stone in front of you, Buckle, kick it out of the path do y' hear? and don't drag the wheels of my chair over it, you lazy, insolent hound, you!"

"Very well, sir," replied Buckle, with the utmost respect, though he had neither jolted the bones of the old Squire nor dragged the chair-wheels over a stone in the pathway.

But Buckle was used to being wrongfully accused; and it was never worth while to contradict his master.

And then perchance, in the next breath, the old man would address me as Marion, and talk ramblingly of the lean, flat, white-faced woman who called herself Mrs. Deane and who was writing her letters indoors all alone.

Unquestionably he was a trying old gentleman to live with: but, after all, his vagaries mattered little to us.

I was happy—strangely, peacefully, supremely happy at Redknights; and of destiny I asked no more.

Nevertheless there were moments—nay, whole days—when the voice of conscience within me whispered uncomfortably, and would not be stifled or put down, try how I would to smother it.

Not infrequently, when thus conscience-pricked, I would wander away in the twilight to the river-bank.

There along the neglected walk which wound by the side of the rapid stream I strolled to and fro in deepest thought—striving hard, in fact, to think the matter out.

The river-walk was certainly the most sheltered and lonesome part of the intricate grounds at Redknights.

No soul save myself went thither to disturb its sombre quietude or to listen to the rush and the roar of the swift brown water, every day and night, without rest, rolling onward to join the still mightier Bourne.

Somehow this gloomy place, otter-haunted and shut in by the great hills and neighboring copses, where years ago the hapless little Flower Eversleigh had met with her tragic end, possessed for me a kind of magnetism, weird enough in its way; and for hours together I sometimes paced there, thinking—thinking troubledly of my husband Daryl.

What, so far, in Daryl's behalf, for Daryl's good, had I done or even attempted to do with his perverse and obstinate grandfather?

So far, nothing. I told myself that I was utterly at a loss to discover in what manner I could for the best bring so delicate and so difficult a subject under the notice of the childish old man.

How was I to set about it? I asked myself almost peevishly. There was the rub.

Conscience, notwithstanding, whispered that there was Marion Eversleigh at hand.

Already she loved me as a dear friend; why not then reveal to her my true name and condition—to her at least, if for a while to no one else—why not kneel at her feet and confess to her that by my marriage I was her lawful niece and Daryl Darkwood's wife?

She was sweet, loving, and sympathetic, not hard and perverse.

She, I knew, never for an instant doubted, would readily forgive the deception that had been counselled by Leigh Eversleigh and carried out by me.

Would not she better than any one, she who so well understood the old Squire and his caprices, be able to aid and advise me in my task when the whole truth had been told to her and nothing kept back?

No one, I believed, would be more sincerely glad than would she to see the true heir restored to his rightful position.

Marion Eversleigh was gentle and forgiving.

The old Squire's daughter, beyond question, could the old Squire himself be once brought to, humored into and retained in, a more Christian frame of mind, would heartily welcome back Daryl to Redknights.

Not only, should this happen, would she once more gain a nephew; but in me, his wife, she would find a niece who already loved her tenderly with a daughter's love.

There were other rocks ahead; and I quailed, was dismayed, at the thought of them.

For, even supposing that success should crown my venture, that the Squire should by-and-by listen to me, could be made to comprehend for whom it was that I was pleading and interceding—supposing, in short, that Daryl in the end were freely pardoned, his transgressions condoned—what, in that case, would be the result of it all?

With exceeding bitterness did I put this question to myself; for there was but one answer to it, and only one.

Should Daryl—forgiven—return to Redknights, then I, Flower Darkwood, must go thence.

There would for me be no alternative. Never, never again could the same roof shelter both him and me!

And keenly did my heart ache at this hard reflection, ache and rebel likewise; for it had grown deeply attached to the calm secluded old home. And surely it was little wonder!

And so the days went uneventfully by—because I did nothing, attempted nothing. "To-morrow I will try," I used to say moodily—"I will make a beginning of some sort to-morrow; I will put it off no longer."

But—well, do we not all know that to-morrow is non-existent, is a kind of *ignis fatuus*, ever flitting on ahead but never overtaken? Up and be doing to-day, if there is aught at hand to be done! If "To-morrow," and not "To-day," were the watchword of life, then would the world stand still—its work would never get done!

And thus serenely and uneventfully did the days go by.

However, one Sunday morning, in Hazel church, I received a considerable shock. Mrs. Eversleigh never accompanied me thither, but stayed at home and read alone within her own rooms; and therefore, unless dear old Mrs. Jessamy went with me, as she sometimes did, I had the tall family-pew in the chancel, with its carved oak panelling and dingy red-velvet curtains, entirely to myself.

I was very fond of Hazel church, chiefly because it was not unlike the sweet little old gray building near Arley Bridge, in the peaceful "God's Acre" of which my darling was buried.

Upon the chancel wall immediately above the pew of the Darkwood family there had in the years gone by been placed an exquisitely-sculptured marble tablet. It was oval in shape, bordered fancifully with a wreath of broken lilies, and with a pure white dove hovering above the lily-garland.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NATURE THE GREAT TEACHER.—In his recent book, "Nature's Teachings," the author has discussed a subject not before handled at length. Its object is to show how man's implements and mechanical devices have been anticipated in nature. He asserts that there is no invention of man which is not anticipated—that all his mechanical devices have been used in nature for countless centuries. He claims that the great discoverers of the future will be those who carefully study the natural world.

The burr-stones of mills are a copy of molar teeth. The hoofs of a horse are made of parallel plates like a carriage-spring. The finest file made by man is a rough affair when compared with a Dutch rush used by cabinet-makers. The jaws of the turtle and tortoise are natural scissors. Rodents have chisel teeth, and hippopotami have adze teeth, which are constantly repaired as they are worn. The woodpecker has a powerful little hammer in its bill.

The diving-bell only imitates the work of the water-spider. This insect, although as easily drowned as any other, spends a great part of its life under water. Having constructed a small cell under the water, it clasps a bubble of air between its last pair of legs, and dives down to the entrance of its cell, into which the bubble is put. A proportionate amount of water is thus displaced, and, when all of it is expelled, the little animal takes up its abode in this subaqueous retreat.

In laying its eggs on the water, the gnat combines them in a mass shaped somewhat like a lifeboat. It is impossible to sink it without tearing it to pieces. The iron mast of a modern ship is strengthened by deep ribs running along its interior. A porcupine-quill is strengthened by similar ribs.

When engineers found that hollow beams were stronger than solid ones, they only discovered a principle which had been used in nature for centuries before the creation of man. A wheat-straw, if solid, could not support a heavy head.

The ship worm feeds on wood, and gradually tunnels its way through any submerged timber. It also lines its burrow with a hard shelly coating. Brunel, taking a hint from this, was the first to succeed in submarine tunnelling. The Eddystone Lighthouse is built on the plan of a tree-trunk, and fastened to the rock in a manner somewhat similar to the way that a tree is fastened to soil. It is supposed that the first idea of a suspension-bridge was suggested by the creepers of a tropical forest.

AMONG THE RODENTS.

THE rat is a rodent or gnawer, and is finely equipped for the peculiar life that he is ordained to lead. He has strong weapons in the shape of four long and very sharp teeth; these teeth have a fine edge, the upper working into the lower, so that they meet in the act of gnawing. While the soft part is being worn away, the hard part keeps its chisel-like edge, and at the same time the teeth are constantly growing up from the bottom, so that as they wear a fresh supply is ready. Should one of these teeth be removed, the opposite tooth will continue to grow, and there being nothing to wear it away, it will project from the mouth and be turned upon itself, and if it be an under tooth it will grow so long as to penetrate the skull. Many of the elephant's tusks imported are found to have their surfaces grooved into small furrows of unequal length. No man would take the trouble to do this so carefully, but the rat has found out the tusks which contain the most gelatine, and he gnaws out as much as suits him, and leaves the rest for the ivory worker, who is neither unable nor unwilling to profit by the fact that is marked by the rat's teeth. The ivory which contains much gelatine is softer than that which has less, and it makes the best billiard balls. The elasticity of some of these balls is so great that when thrown forcibly on a hard floor, they will rebound to the height of three or four feet.

Rats have a fine sense for finding out where there is anything nice to eat, and it has often been a subject of wonder how they manage to get on board ships laden with sugar and other attractive cargoes; but the mystery has been solved, for they have been seen to come off shore to the ship by means of the rope which moored her to the wharf. By the same means they will leave the ship when she gets into port, particularly if they find that their quarters are filling with water.

There are curious facts connected with the habits of the rat which warrant a close observation of them on the part of those who may have the opportunity. A lady at one time missed several eggs from her store closet, and naturally concluded that they had been stolen by the servant. She questioned the girl, who denied any knowledge of the eggs, which continued to disappear in the same mysterious manner; but one day the thief was unexpectedly discovered. The lady observed one morning, on entering her store-room, a singular sight. A little rat was on his back upon the floor hugging an egg, while a larger rat was hauling him along by the tail. In this way, undoubtedly, all the missing eggs had been carried away.

It appears that rats, like birds, fish, etc., are often influenced to change their abode by want of food or the need of a proper place where they can procure sustenance for their young.

A gentleman's house was once infested with rats, and he got completely rid of them by catching one of them alive and covering it with coal tar and allowing it to return to its hole. At another time a trap was set at night in a house where rats were numerous, and in the morning the trap was found sprung with a long tail inside. Its owner had vanished, and, perhaps, after relating his narrow escape, and the loss of his beautiful tail, took all his rat friends and left the house forever.

The rat, though naturally a savage creature, is capable of being tamed and made obedient to the will of man. Some of the Japanese tame rats, and teach them to perform many tricks, in order that they may exhibit them.

THE GOLDEN NET.

BY RICHARD CHATTERTON.

I knew not till I was in the meshes
How warily it was set;
I knew not till I 'gan to struggle
It was a golden net;
I knew not that the sparkling eye,
The rose-red lips dew wet,
The bosom soft, the tender sigh,
Were lures in the golden net.

I knew not till I was in the meshes
How hard it was to get
Free from the toils, the clinging folds,
The strands of the golden net;
I little thought the heart I lost
Was won by a coquette;
But now I know, and to my cost,
'Twas caught in the golden net.

The Stone Bouquet.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER I.

EVERYBODY said it was not likely to turn out well—but then everybody is so wise.

And what everybody says must be true, especially when it is upon a subject which nobody understands and nobody takes to heart, but the one poor biped who is principally concerned.

Was everybody right in my case, and I so egregiously wrong? so blind, so shallow, so vain?

He who reads these lines shall judge for himself.

I have lost the faculty of judging; I am waiting for a greater judgment, and wondering what it will be like; whether I shall be allowed to plead my own extenuating circumstances, the fact that I was always true and earnest, and that I loved her with my whole heart, and would have died for her at any moment; and that, in loving her so much, I wrecked at last the little sense which I had ever had.

I married Cicely Gray when I was forty years of age, and she was a girl of nineteen.

An ill-matched pair, an ill-assorted couple, the beginning of the old story, May and December almost.

The impulse of youth on one side, the glamor of the 'well-off man' on the other.

That is what the world said. My petty little world!

Yes; I was well to do. That is, I had attained a certain position in my profession, had made my mark as an engineer, had been successful in one or two important schemes, was spoken of a little at home and abroad as a clever and a rising man. Almost a genius.

I had studied hard all my life, it was asserted.

I had sacrificed everything to the pursuit of fame, or of money. I was a close, keen man of business, and I had let nothing stand between me and my profession. I was thorough.

And then Cicely Gray stood between—took me into another world, changed the whole current of my life, made of me a passionate lover in my middle age.

That fate befalls a man at times when he loves not in his youth—

"Wait till he comes to forty years" and a man will laugh at love, proclaims the great cynic.

But the cynic is not always right, and that man who is an exception to the rule—well, woe betide him!

I met Cicely Gray, and loved her, loved her all the more passionately because I had not had the time to love before, had laughed at the romance of youth from the grim seclusion of my study, wherein I had immured my better self.

When the time came, when I was almost famous, when people pointed me out as Haviland the engineer, I found that I could love as deeply as other men, and be as great a fool in my own way.

And with my youth gone, and when flecks of white were in my hair, I knew this, and hoped and prayed one fair young flower would turn to me too, and take me to her heart, and think the best of me, think me the best of all the men that she had ever known.

She was not twenty years of age, "old enough to be my daughter," people said, of course.

They always say that. And that was terribly near the truth.

But I was not quite like other men, and this was my first love. I had had none other.

It was a new life to me. Cicely Gray had been brought up in seclusion; she was the daughter of one of my own craft, an engineer who had been knighted by his sovereign.

She knew as little of the world, the hard, real, artificial world as I did, I was sure. Men are so sure of what they wish.

The pieces of the puzzle, a fair-woman puzzle, fit in so well to the wish of the egoist!

He sees no faults, and is deaf to the whispers of the crowd. He is a blind man in his adulation.

It is as well, sometimes; but often, alas! it is not well.

Cicely had been left motherless at an early age, and girls who have grown up to womanhood without their mothers are to themselves and to other folk three parts a mystery.

They have lost so much. The life about them is without the white light to show the way and train the faltering footsteps. They are not always to blame, these motherless girls.

Was Cicely Gray to blame for marrying me, for not telling all the truth, for disguising from me the one romance of her life in which no one had shared but the man who was the hero of it? the man of whose existence I had not dreamed, and whose name had not passed her lips?

Was her father to blame, who had some hazy notions of the truth, and of the misery of a mesalliance, and had trusted to time, and travel, and me, his old friend, to sink a past folly wholly out of her remembrance?

I cannot say. In later days it was intimated to me that the father had left it to the daughter to explain, to laugh away if she could with a few careless words, about a school-girl's fancy that had flourished and died away, and so an end of it; and the daughter had thought the father might tell me and leave me to consider the position, and hence between the two the silence, and the ignorance — which was bliss then.

It would have been all the same had the story been told me word for word; it would not have swerved me aside from her by one hair's breadth: it would been no grievance then.

I could have laughed with the father, sympathized with the daughter, and passed the whole thing by.

Later on I did not laugh, but sat down before an awful truth and let it kill me by degrees.

We were married in the early summer, and went away for a long tour through the most picturesque portion of our native land.

We eschewed foreign travel; we had had enough of the Continent, we both thought; business had taken me abroad very frequently, and Cicely had been educated in Paris and knew but little of England.

She would not care to go abroad for her honeymoon, she said.

It was a honeymoon that presaged much of happiness for us both—all was so fair; life had changed for both of us so much, and all about our new world was fresh and bright.

After our marriage in town we started from the large church doors for the country.

I had wished to evade all the fuss and frivolity of a wedding party: I had felt that I should be looking too old and lined and grey at a marriage feast, and that the guests would whisper of "sacrifice" and "monetary considerations" and "poor girl" to each other whilst wishing us every happiness.

Cicely had not demurred; my will was hers, she said.

"I shall be always very obedient, Ulric," she said to me, laughing, "and my clever old husband will always have his own way."

I laughed too, but the word "old" jarred a little.

It was not pleasant for me to consider myself old, or getting old, yet awhile, when I was beginning my real life. It was more unpleasant still that she should think so, even in a jest.

And I was so young at heart. Good God, how young I was then, what a little I knew of a woman or a woman's ways, altogether, what a dunce!

There was sight-seeing in the little town in which we first took refuge. Though we had not bargained for it or thought of it, it was a show place in its way.

I will call it Heathercombe, for a reason that I have.

Here we were to spend a quiet, halcyon week, surrounded by all the beauties of hill and dale, of forest and fell, and intensely restful in our own society.

"I am sure I shall be very happy all my life," she had confessed to me, "for I know how well I can trust you."

She had put her hands in mine in saying this, and looked at me unflinchingly and with all the clear depth which her great grey lucid eyes could express.

The emphasis struck me even then.

"Have you ever trusted in vain?" I asked laughingly.

For it did not seem possible that one could do anything to deceive her by word or deed.

"I have been too imaginative, that is all," she answered, "too sanguine, impulsive, hopeful."

"Good faults, one might call them all."

"I have expected too much—set my friends on too high pedestals," she said; "young people always do."

"And some of the idols have been top-heavy and tilted over," was my rejoinder. "Ah! never mind, child; they were not worth the trouble of putting back in their places."

"They were not," she said.

We were wandering in the gardens of this little town.

It was our wedding eve. I have said Heathercombe was to a certain extent a show place, and in these gardens was one of the wonders of the county.

It boasted a rocky mound over which trickled and spluttered a stream of water with properties of turning into stone anything exposed to its action for a certain period of months.

Such wells are not uncommon in England or abroad, I believe; but it was a novelty to both of us, and there was pleasant jesting over it, and over the various articles which preceding sight-seers had left to be petrified—gloves, feathers, hats, and all kinds of odd tokens, suspended in such a manner from the rock as to bring them in contact with the stream.

"I know!" cried Cicely, clapping her hands. "Wait for me, Ulric, I shall not be a minute."

But a minute out of sight then was an hour of suspense to a love-sick man. Where can she have gone? what has happened? I was wondering five minutes afterwards. Yes, she was impulsive at all events, and full of strange, odd conceits.

Presently she returned from the hotel with her wedding bouquet that she had brought from London, that I had sent to her early that morning, a poem in fair white blossoms from a Covent Garden florist.

"This shall not wither away, Ulric, but be always with us—a memento, a record."

"Love turned to stone," I answered, a little ruefully; "is it a good idea?"

"Yes; a proof of the love that endures," she said very slowly. "That is what I mean."

It was a strange conceit, but I had no objection to urge.

Let it be so. There was poetry in the fancy, looking at it in the right way. Love perpetual and that nothing should wither!

So the bouquet was left with the custodian of the dripping well, and no more was thought of it for a while.

That is the prologue to my story.

CHAPTER II.

THEY were twelve months of happiness which followed. Even the sceptics only muttered, "How long will it last, we wonder?"

There was not a cloud in our heaven; I studied every wish, and she was grateful for it.

At times there came a faint, far-away doubt if she were as happy as myself—might be only happy in the second degree, taking her life and lightness from me—content and peace, seeing that I was content, but not the life and light natural to her own young self.

A passing doubt even this, and which she laughed away when I expressed it once, in the grave, earnest fashion that was common to me, that would make me look stern and thoughtful at times, even when my heart was too full of joy for words.

There came no child to hallow our union, and we both regretted it.

There was never a child to complete the links in the home chain; surely it would have been so different had it been God's will to bless us thus.

I think I see this now; I feel it more acutely every day between this and the end of it.

And yet if all had happened the same, what an extra torture for the child—what a heritage of horror when it became impossible to hide the truth, that truth which some snake would have hissed out somewhere!

A little more than twelve months after this I was compelled to leave England again.

The opportunity was too great and grand for a man of my profession to miss; it was the talk of the world at that time, and I was congratulated on my good fortune at every turn.

But my mission for some three years lay in a far-away wild quarter of the world, where a woman's health, perhaps her life, would be necessarily in jeopardy.

There was rough work, if great work, even for men; so I was to go my way alone for awhile, and it was arranged that Cicely was to return to her father's home and keep house for him, as in the old days, till I came back again.

The last night I spent in England was at a ball given by an aristocratic friend. I had not intended that it should be spent in this fashion.

I had thought there was a clear week longer for me at home, when a telegram arrived urging the necessity of my immediate departure.

Cicely turned pale.

"It is to take you away from me?" she said.

"Yes."

"When?" was her next eager inquiry.

"To-morrow."

"Then we will not go to this ball. I do not want to dance on the brink of my desolation," she cried, bursting into tears.

Till that hour she had been very brave, very sure that it was all for the best, for my fame's sake and name's sake; but this sudden cutting away time from under her feet unnerved her.

"Cicely, if you wish me to stop—if——," I said.

"No, Ulric, you must go," was her reply; "don't mind me. I am only surprised. Our parting is not for all time, you will be back again soon. I shall not be so very old, so very much changed when you return to me."

We did not break our engagement at the dance.

Dancing was her passion, and I was pleased in watching her pleasures, and content with a quiet quadrille or two for my share in the festivities.

I thought the evening's excitement would distract her thoughts from the grim fact of our premature separation, and that in the morning, when she was tired out and resting peacefully, I might be able to steal away without the ordeal of a bitter parting, sparing her and myself some pain. I was afraid she would break down utterly in a last leave-taking, and that the remembrance of her sorrow would unnerve me, perhaps bring me back to her before my task was done.

It was a great ball in its way, that is, there were many guests, and the rooms were crowded with men and women of rank and distinction.

After our first dance together Cicely was lost to me amidst a host of partners, and I was left to discuss commonplaces with middle-aged contemporaries, to receive various congratulations on my appointment, to talk right and left of the very subject which I was trying hard to avoid.

Presently I found myself watching Cicely from the door of the ball-room; my eyes had wandered in search of her for some time in vain, and then I found her sitting in the recess of a window, whose heavy curtains almost concealed her from view. It was only by the fan, a large and heavy fan of ostrich feathers quaintly grouped together, that I knew it was she.

She was sitting with her back towards me, half hidden in the recess, it was only a half-outline of her graceful figure that I saw there, but I was sure it was Cicely.

That was the first heart-stab which I had ever had.

On that night there seemed to open out to me by slow and sure degrees the consciousness that I might not have won the love of my wife so wholly and completely as to render us safe together or apart.

My trust in her, my own self-esteem, had received no shock till that hour, but here was struck the first jarring note of a whole soul's discord.

I woke as from a dream, and I was none the better for the waking.

There came even then to me the consciousness that I might be a very Othello in my jealousy, if God so willed that an angel should prove false.

I did not know till then that I was an intensely jealous man; she had been so fair and fond a wife, she had cared so little for the admiration of other men, and had even taken pains to evade it.

And it was not on account of the wife that this jealousy suddenly obscured my reasoning powers, my keen foresight, my knowledge of human nature, every gift with which people had credited me. My suspicion was caused by the conduct of the man with whom she was conversing.

I could see him plainly from my post of observation—a tall, dark man of three-or four-and-twenty years of age, with a handsome and impassioned face, and black eyes which seemed to flash like diamonds with the torrent of words which he was pouring forth to her.

It was the life in that face, its earnestness, its rapt expression, its forgetfulness even of the scene in which he formed a part, the gestures which betokened the absorbing nature of his conversation.

Of what could he be talking to Cicely, to betray so much excitement and earnestness? what theme of such deep moment to them both to give that strange look to him?

My heart sank like a plummet in the sea. I was aware of danger to me, Cicely—I hated him already.

I felt this was no common man standing between me and the happiness of my life; the power in him to influence that life for good or evil was apparent to me at once—I knew it by some subtle instinct, by the sudden warning which came to me from heaven—or hell—as no warning ever came before.

A friendly hand fell upon my shoulder, and startled me. It was my host, Lord Sandbourne, who stood laughing at my surprise.

"What, dreaming, Haviland?" he said quickly.

"A reverie, my lord—a summer night's dream of going away and leaving all this bright life to others."

"Gad, I wish I could go with you. I should be glad."

Lord Sandbourne had had a craze for out-of-the-way expeditions, and had wandered over half the world in his day, and written many wearisome books that nobody cared to read.

I did not continue the subject.

"Who is the good-looking young fellow talking to my wife?" I asked very lightly—too lightly to be natural.

But Lord Sandbourne was not critical. He put up his eyeglass and stared in my direction.

"Gad, I don't know; I never saw him before," he said. "Lady Sandbourne sows her invitations broadcast, and I leave the crop to her. This sort of thing is women's business, you see."

"Yes, I suppose so."

I walked away from him. I made my way quietly and almost stealthily towards the recess.

I felt like a man playing the spy. I was not in any way like Ulric Haviland that night.

I was a new man who had begun a new life—a dark life, with the light of the old one dying out, though I would not have believed it then for all the world, although five minutes afterwards there did not seem much doubt of it to me.

When I was close to them, the truth was close too.

Neither had heard me approach; the whirl of the dancers past, the braying of a waltz from the orchestra, the place in which they were seemed security itself, and these two did not take heed of me, in their self-absorption.

"Why did you marry, then? Why could you not wait and believe in me?" were the words which this indiscreet raver uttered to my wife, who was shrinking back from him, and trembling and flushing, whose eyes were swimming in hot tears.

"Cicely," I said with suppressed coolness, as I stood before them, "I have been wondering what has become of you."

My wife rose and put her hand upon my arm.

"I am glad you have come, Ulric; I have been waiting for you," she exclaimed. "Take me home. I am tired of all this."

she added, speaking very rapidly.

"Who is this gentleman?" I asked in a low voice.

"Madame Haviland will introduce me to her husband," said the man before me in a foreign accent; and Cicely said, still hurriedly and like a woman under a spell—

"This is my old friend, Monsieur Danano, whom I knew once in Paris."

"Oh, indeed."

"Monsieur Danano—now of the French Opera—of whom you have probably heard, Ulric."

The name was not unknown to me.

"Yes, I have heard of M. Danano."

"As I, sir, have heard of the name of Mr. Haviland, the famous engineer," he said, with a low bow, and a smile which I did not return.

He had recovered from the surprise of my appearance, the excitement of his own avowal; whether I had heard any part of his conversation with my wife or not, did not appear to matter to him.

With perfect ease and self-confidence he said—

"You have probably been familiar with my name, Mr. Haviland, before the Parisian world thought it worth mentioning above a whisper."

"No, sir."

"I was an old friend of madame'—almost an old schoolfellow, very nearly what you English call 'old flame.' I was saying," he added, as he looked keenly and yet laughingly at us both, "when you did us the honor to arrive, that Madame Haviland might have waited a little longer for me. But I am vanquished,"—here he bowed again—"and you, sir, are the victor."

One could but try to smile at this bold but good-humored explanation, and then with a light word or two I bore my wife away from him.

She was anxious to get home, she said, and I took her at her word. Why should I doubt it yet?

That ride home was very silent, and almost solemn.

The shadows in the carriage seemed part of the gloom about my new life—now that the light of the old, as I have said already, had gone away for good.

I was restless and disquieted for all my grave demeanor, and I sat and looked before me and tried to think it out. As if all the thinking in the world could have helped me!

Suddenly, and when we were within a street or two of home, I said—

"You never mentioned this Monsieur Danano to me, Cicely."

My voice aroused her. She had fallen into a reverie of her own; after glancing askance at me, once or twice—

"Never?" she rejoined, almost evasively.

"Never," I repeated.

"But you had heard from father that ——"

"I had not heard anything from your father. What had he to tell me?"

"Nothing," she said in a low trembling voice.

That was all the conversation between us, until we were in our dining-room, and were still facing each other at an untouched supper.

We waited till the servant had gone, having first placed on a side-table a bulky packet that had been left at the house during our absence that evening.

I rose and stood by the side-table whilst I cut the strings of the parcel, which was heavy and unshapely, I remember. This gave me an opportunity of speaking in an unconcerned manner, which I thought might deceive her.

As if she did not know my heart better than I knew hers!

"Did he speak the truth to-night, that man?" I asked.

"The—the truth?" she repeated very slowly.

"He said you were an old flame of his."

"I suppose he liked me a little at one time."

"You thought he did?"

"Yes, I thought so," was the naive confession.

"And he told you so?"

She looked at me steadily for a while. I was sure that she was looking very intently at me, as I went on with my task.

"Yes. But——"

"And you loved him!" I said, turning round and facing her with a darker face than she had seen before. "Why didn't you tell me all the truth? It is not too late to own it. I shall only be sorry that you kept it back from me all this while."

"Ulric, don't ask me any questions. Cannot the past remain the past between you and me?" she urged: "what does it matter now it is all over and gone, when he is nothing to me—can never be anything more than what he is now—almost a stranger! Why do you torture me like this?"

"My God! Is it torture to speak of this man?"

"I do not want to speak of him."

"Did you love him? Why don't you own it frankly?"

"Yes, I did," she confessed; "he and I—not much more than boy and girl—would have been man and wife, had not my father separated us. Oh, yes, I loved him, as young girls love the first man who speaks to them as women, and talks of his devotion. But it is all gone. Oh, don't you hear me tell you so?"

"Cicely, he loves you still."

"Oh!"

"And he has told you so to-night. He has reproached you for deceiving him, and you have listened to him. You, my wife—do you hear?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Locked Bracelets.

BY HENRY FRITH.

I WAS quite a big girl, nearly twelve years old, when my father decided to retire from business, and settle down for the rest of his life in his native village, Milton.

He had left there while quite a young man—not thirty—and returned an old one, over seventy, but possessing very large wealth.

We had a number of servants, a housekeeper, Mrs. Shippen, and my governess, Miss Colton.

During a ramble through the village, I slipped upon a small rolling stone and sprained my ankle badly.

I lay, sobbing with pain, faint and unable to rise, when a sweet, low voice, very near me, said, "Are you much hurt, dear?"

And I saw, leaning over a gate near me, a woman whose face caused me a sick shudder, even in the midst of my severe pain.

She was old, for she wore a cap over bands of gray hair, and yet her eyes were large and bright.

But her whole face was drawn, lined and puckered by fire scars, many livid, many blood red.

It was like a hideous mask, but I had been taught courtesy, and I quietly said, "I have hurt my foot, and can't get up."

In a moment she opened the little gate, and came to my side, saying—

"Don't try to get up, but put your arms round my neck, and I will lift you into the house."

She carried me to a sofa in a tiny parlor, removed my boot, and bathed my swollen ankle.

"Jenny shall go for a doctor," she said, "and I will tell her to stop and let your mamma know where you are. You must tell me your name, for I go out so seldom I do not know the little girls."

"My name is Myrtle Cresson, and I live in the white house at the foot of this street," I said; "but I have no dear mamma, only papa and Miss Colton, my governess."

"Myrtle Cresson!" she said, in a low voice, lingering over the name. "Then your papa is Henry Cresson, who has not been here long?"

"Yes, ma'am! We used to live in London until last summer."

She looked at me earnestly, even lovingly, and presently said—

"And was your mamma named Myrtle?"

"Oh, no; I was christened Myrtle after an old friend of papa's."

So began my acquaintance with Miss Smith, the dearest, best friend of my life, whose terrible face became to me as pleasant to look upon as if it had been beautiful, after I loved it.

For two weary weeks I lay helpless in her cottage, papa coming every day to see me, but forbidding lessons until I could run about again.

My self-appointed nurse was all kindness.

She was in limited circumstances, owning her little cottage, and having a small income, but everything about her proved that she was forced to practice strict economy.

But I was always a welcome visitor. And one day we had talked of love and lovers, when I asked her if she had ever—ever loved.

"Yes, Myrtle," she said, gently. "I loved once, and my heart never wandered from its first affection. In time the devotion of youth calmed down to a quiet friendship; but to-day, if the man I loved needed my life, I would give it to him. We were young when we were engaged—my lover twenty-five, I about eighteen. I was not called Smith then, for I lived with my step-father, and the people around us gave me his name. My lover was ambitious, fretting against the tedious routine of village life, and finally he persuaded his father to allow him to go to London, where a relative offered him a situation in his business.

"Still, he was faithful to me, writing often and holding by his engagement. Twice he came home to make a visit, and we had hours of happiness, for our love was strong and true. But one night, when only my stepfather and myself were in our cottage, it caught fire, the flames gaining great headway before we awakened. I woke first, and in trying to save my step-father, was very terribly burned. For weeks I lay unconscious and helpless, and when I was restored to comparative health, my step-father had been dead nearly a month, and I wore this hideous face, and had my left hand burned till it was shrunken and useless for life. Then I wrote to my dear love and before he could receive the letter I was on my way to Manchester to my grandmother's, where I lived twenty years. But when she died, and left me money enough for my simple wants, I came back to my old home, bearing my true name, and few here know I was born in Milton. That is my love-story, Myrtle, a simple one enough but like many another, a record of life-long pain, hidden under daily duty."

"But," I asked, "your lover? What became of him?"

"He became wealthy, and married well. I hope most sincerely that his life has been happy, as well as prosperous."

"Did you ever see him again?"

"I have seen him, but we met as strangers."

It was a sad story, and I, loving her as I did, thought her lover to be pitied for her self-sacrifice.

What mattered a scarred face when there was so noble a heart beneath the mask?

And if her left hand was weak, her right hand was ready always for kindly deeds.

I went home, saddened. Not only did I feel all the romance of youth stirred by the pitiful story, but I knew that my dear old friend was gradually failing in health, and would probably soon be called away from earth.

She was not confined to the house, but she had some pulmonary disease, and every change of atmosphere took something from her strength.

I visited her more frequently than ever, striving to repay some of the care she had lavished upon my girlhood, but all through the summer she faded visibly.

It was in October that the quiet, happy routine of my life was broken.

My dear father, who had never dropped his active habits, was thrown from his horse and dangerously injured.

Day after day he lay upon his bed, suffering intensely, and I would not leave him.

Mrs. Shippen nursed him, but I would not let anyone take my place beside him, smoothing his pillows, bathing his fevered hands and face, and, when he could listen, reading to him, or talking to him.

All my love was intensified by the thought that I might lose him, the only parent I could remember, and I was jealous of every word he spoke to others.

It was in one of the long night watches, when he was free from pain, but wakeful, that I noticed in some restless movement a narrow band of gold upon his arm, about half-way between the wrist and elbow.

"Why, papa," I said, "what a pretty bracelet! You ought to have given it to me years ago."

He smiled as he said—

"It will not come off, dear. You must bury it with me."

I shuddered at the idea suggested, but he spoke again presently:

"It is forty-five years, Myrtle, since this bracelet and its companion were locked and the key thrown into the river. It was put upon my arm by your namesake, my little Myrtle, with vows of eternal constancy. I had bought the two for a gift of betrothal, and when mine was clasped and locked I took the tiny key to fasten the one clasped upon Myrtle's arm. My dear little love! How sweet her face was as she looked up at me, promising to wear my gift till death."

"Did she die, papa?"

"No, darling. Circumstances separated us, and I never saw her after that day. I lived a lonely life for her sake, for many long years, but I loved your mother, and she knew the story of my locked bracelet when she married me. Yet, after she died I tried once again to find Myrtle Carpenter, but in vain. She must be old, perhaps has been dead for years. I know nothing of her."

I examined the bracelet with all a girl's interest.

It was a band of gold, chased in a pretty design, with the word "Constancy" upon a scroll surrounded by leaves and flowers. The tiny keyhole was delicately chased, and held the clasp firmly.

While I was looking at the pretty device, papa fell asleep, and I, weary with watching, dozed, too, in my chair.

But the waking was the beginning of long days of fear, and each one took from us the hope we had cherished of my father's recovery.

It was the eighth day of such watching, when every hope was gone, and we only looked for the end, when Miss Smith came into the room just before the night watch.

"I have been here every day," she said in a low voice, "but I would not have you called downstairs. To-night you must let me share your watch."

"You—you know——" I said.

"I know, dear, that probably before morning there will be a released spirit, and the peaceful end of all suffering for your dear father. The doctor tells me there will be no more pain."

"Will he be conscious? Oh," I cried, "he has not known me for a week! Will he speak to me to-night?"

"Darling, we cannot tell. But you must rest now, and let me watch."

"I cannot rest," I said, "and you ought to be nursed yourself."

For looking into her face, I was shocked to see how dreadfully she had changed in the trying time that I had been shut up in my father's room.

"To-morrow I will rest," she said, gently. "But you will need your strength. If you will lie down here, upon the sofa, I promise to call you if your father wakens or moves."

"You promise?"

"Yes, dear, if there is any change."

So, conscious of how unfit I was to bear added sorrow, I lay down and slept soundly in sheer exhaustion.

When I wakened it was dawn, and the gray light was creeping into the room.

Frighted at my long sleep, I hastened to the bedside.

My father was dead, and upon his lips rested the sweetest smile I had ever seen there. Close beside him, her head a little thrown back upon the easy-chair, was my dear old friend sleeping that last, long sleep that knows no waking, while thrown across my father's breast was her arm, bared to the elbow, and gleaming upon it the companion to his locked bracelet.

EVERYTHING, even piety, is dangerous in a man without judgment.

Scientific and Useful.

WET AND DRY.—It is not generally known that coal which is kept perfectly dry is rendered less valuable on that account, yet such is a fact. Coal stored through summer should be kept moist.

GELATINE.—Gelatine is the latest adulterant of butter. By adding gelatine, which absorbs ten times its weight of water, the consistency of the butter is retained and the water adulteration is not noticeable.

A REVOLVING HAND-BASIN.—A new wash-basin has been brought out by an inventor, which requires no stop-cocks to be turned on for the admission of hot and cold water, for letting away waste-water, or for cleansing the basin. These operations are performed by revolving the basin horizontally.

BEEF, WINE, AND IRON.—The popular tonic, "Beef, Wine and Iron," is made by the following formula: Extract of beef, 1 ounce; citrate of iron and ammonia, ½ ounce; orange flower water, 2 ounces; sherry, 14 ounces. Mix the beef and wine and stir well. Dissolve the iron in an ounce of hot water and add the other ingredients.

INK AND PAPER.—The revived discussions as to the combinations least trying to the eyes of readers has, in this country, brought into public notice newspapers printed with black ink on red and green paper. A German printer, of Arnheim, on the other hand, enthusiastically advocates the use of blue ink upon green paper, as the least hurtful tints for the eyes to dwell upon.

CLEANING SCREWS.—Screws that are too small for separate treatment may be cleaned from rust as follows: Take a pound of screws and place them in a small box—a cigar box will do—put a small quantity of oil on them and shake for a minute; then put a piece of cotton waste in the box, and repeat for a minute; finally put a handful of sawdust in the box, and shake for another minute or so, and remove the sawdust by sifting it from the screws in a fine sieve. The screws will come out well cleaned.

FIRE-ESCAPE.—A new idea is a bed-spring which shall serve as a fire-escape in time of danger. It consists of four sets of springs, seven feet long and just wide enough when laid together to sit in a bed-frame. Each set is attached to the adjoining one by a clamp, which unites iron appendages fastened to the end of the springs. These appendages add to the length of the arrangement, so as to make it about thirty feet long when hanging out of the window. One side of each set of springs is fitted with rungs made of wrought iron, the only part of the contrivance not steel. These rungs, which are on the outside when the springs depend from the window, and about fifteen inches apart, form a pretty strong ladder, which may be made use of for descent.

Farm and Garden.

POULTRY.—There is no necessity for using elaborately designed poultry-houses. One with a good, tight roof and the walls lined with tarred felt, will be warm and comfortable in winter, and, if well ventilated, will answer for summer.

MANURE ELEMENTS.—The most valuable elements of manure are not to be measured by the cord. The liquid and gaseous portions are the most valuable, and also the hardest to hold. They are the first to escape and pass off unnoticed through such a small outlet.

MILKING.—The man who carefully blanketed his cows while being milked, so the flies would not bite them and cause them to kick over pail and milker, might have obtained really humane, and, at the same time, lasting comfort to the cows by allowing them to rest in a darkened shed. The idea may really be carried out with profit to providing such refuge in pasture where biting flies are numerous. The subject is especially directed to dairymen.

SOILING STOCK.—More and more, as the value of land in this country increases, will the practice of soiling stock be adopted. It has two very important economical advantages to recommend it, namely, the saving of cost of making and repairing fences and the greatly increased amount of forage yielded by a given area of land. On the other side of the account is the increased cost of labor in cutting and feeding the green forage and the caring for stock confined in stalls or yards during the summer season.

SHYING.—Shying, in a horse, is a very bad quality. Harshness only aggravates the matter. The more a horse is scolded and whipped the more nervous he gets, and every time he passes the place where the fright and whipping occurred he will begin to prick up his ears and fidget, ready for another jump. Give him the reins and he will go by in a hurry. The proper way is never to strike or scold a horse that is startled or frightened. Speak to him coolly, calmly and kindly; give him time to see and collect his scattered senses, and make him feel that you are his friend and protector. When he sees that all is right, there is an end to all further trouble. We have seen a horse refuse to cross an unsafe-looking bridge, but when the driver took him by the bit and walked ahead, the horse cautiously followed. Next time he required no coaxing or urging to cross the bridge. He might have been whipped into it at first, but was not the milder course, although a little trouble, the better one?

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The Spirit of Dispute.

There are some disposed to dispute everything. Like the man who fought with the sign-post that told him where to go when he believed his destination lay the other way, their own views are far superior to all established facts.

Certainly if we take this notion of things there is scarcely a subject anywhere about which something cannot be said both for and against. Almost all the human family recognize, and even insist, that there is a Supreme Being. Yet men will deny this, and argue with some show of skill to support their denial. But despite of what they urge as reasons for their lack of belief in a Divine Power, the world still clings to its faith, unshaken.

How much better is it to believe in something, and to love somebody. Have you never met the man who is opposed to everything? He, of course, is argumentative and pugnacious, and of the sort "who would rather fight than eat." He loves argument so well that he will argue merely for the sake of argument.

As with the man in the case of the sign-post, so it is with many persons whom we meet. They dispute all assertions and defy everybody. They are natural pettifoggers. They suppose themselves to have fixed opinions and rigid convictions on every subject, yet they can argue as well on one side as on the other of any question; which really means that they can argue not particularly well on either side.

The man who has no moral convictions may be what is known as a versatile and many-sided fellow. He prides himself on not being bigoted or narrow; yet he is most bigoted when he thinks himself most liberal, and most narrow wherever he assumes to be most broad.

There is no man so wicked, no act so mean, which he will not undertake to defend. The lawyer does this as a matter of business. He would resent any charge made that because he defends murderers he somehow endorses the crime of murder. Yet he will undertake to defend or to prosecute any thief or assassin. Still, he would not admit that because he does this he has no moral convictions—that he is quite unable to perceive the right and the wrong side of any question.

It occurred to us recently, while reading a lawyer's voluble argument in behalf of general business on Sunday, that he could have said quite as much in behalf of murder. To such as he there is virtue only in the effort or desire to strangle virtue. He probably realized that the misfortunes and crimes of his neighbors have made himself fortunate, by making his own virtue a fruitful source of income.

The public, knowing him to be virtuous, will honor him, he thinks, for defending those who have no virtue. The law, the ineffable rights of man, the liberty of conscience—these he beats vigorously and continuously, each in turn, in place or out of place, as if it were a national alarum gong.

He has the audacity to tell the public, which has committed no crime, that its rights and liberties are in peril if the person who is guilty of a crime be punished for it. The moral purpose of permitting the defence of an accused man is to afford him a chance to disprove any and all charges that are not true.

But this is the least of the privileges claimed. The defence denies till it cannot longer be denied; then it chief purpose is to lessen, and if possible to destroy the influence of the truth.

Therefore we argue: Do not defend the crime itself merely because you are chosen to defend the man who commits that crime. One may display his pity for the victim without an equal display of sympathy for his vices. Always be just before you are generous.

Never dispute one statement because some other statement happened to be untrue. Take to your heart and faith every generally accepted truth without question, when that truth, as in religion, tends to make mankind stronger in virtue, and better assured of happiness here and hereafter.

There is no evil that we cannot either face or flee from but the consciousness of duty disregarded. A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea, duty performed, or duty violated, is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say that darkness shall cover us, in the darkness, as in the light, our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close, and, in that sense of inconceivable solemnity which lies still further onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty to pain us, wherever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God has given us grace to perform it.

It is the misfortune of young people, before they become fully engaged in the relations of life and business, that they look too much to acquaintances for encouragement, and make the amusement which acquaintances can furnish too indispensable. The tender mind of youth is reluctant or unable to stand alone; it needs to be one of a class. Hence the hours which ought to be spent in the acquisition of that general knowledge which is so useful in after life, and which can be acquired only in youth, are thrown away in the most inglorious pursuits; for acquaintances are seldom the companions of study or the auxiliaries of business.

Have I, in my behavior this day, consulted the happiness and ease of those I live with, and of all who have any dependence upon me? Have I preserved my understanding clear, my temper calm, my spirits cheerful, my body temperate and healthy, and my heart in a right frame? If to all these questions I can humbly, yet confidently answer, that I have done my best; if I have truly repented all the faulty past, and made humble, yet firm, and vigorous, and deliberate resolutions for the future, poor as it is, the honest endeavor will be graciously accepted.

Every solitary kind action that is done the world over is working briskly in its own sphere to restore the balance between right and wrong. Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal eloquence or learning; and these three never converted any one unless they were kind also. The continued sense which a kind heart has of its own need of kindness keeps it humble. Perhaps an act of kindness never dies, but extends the invisible undulations of its influence over the centuries.

Consider how few things are worthy of anger, and thou wilt wonder that any but fools should be wroth. In folly or weakness it always beginneth; but remember, and be well assured, it seldom concludeth without repentance. On the heels of Folly treadeth Shame; at the back of Anger standeth Remorse.

No passion more base, nor one which seeks to hide itself more than jealousy. It is ashamed of itself. If it appears, it carries its stain and disgrace on the forehead. We do not wish to acknowledge it to ourselves, it is so ignominious; but hidden and ashamed in the character, we would be confused and disconcerted if it appeared, by which we are convinced of our bad minds and debased courage.

Men and women are not like leaves, blown about by every wind; or like clay, receiving and retaining whatever impress is made upon them. They have an inward force, enabling them to control to a large extent the influences that bear upon them—to welcome some, to resist others, and not only passively to receive, but actively to digest and to assimilate that which they receive, so that it becomes a very part of themselves.

Idleness is the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the stepmother of discipline, the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause not only of melancholy but of many other diseases; for the mind is naturally active, and if it be not occupied about some honest business it rushes into mischief or sinks into melancholy.

It is not always, perhaps not often, that the gravest men and women are the strongest or the most earnest. It is true there is a mirth born of frivolity, whose shallowness is soon apparent; but there is also a joyousness and freedom of heart and manner which bespeak a fulness of life and a depth of character, and tell of abundant resources for future deeds.

Truths can never conflict, for truth is a unity, and, when an opinion that has once been held has to give way under the pressure of advancing thought, it is but the outer shell that once contained a truth and is no longer needed which drops away, while the everlasting truth remains with all who are wise enough to retain it.

It is only by a deliberate and conscientious effort that a person of defective imagination can do justice to characters differing widely from his own, because, from lack of sympathy, he is unable to understand them. Education helps to correct this defect.

The only cure for indolence is work; the only cure for selfishness is sacrifice; the only cure for unbelief is to shake off the ague of doubt by doing your conscience's bidding; the only cure for timidity is to plunge into some dreaded duty before the chill has time to come.

Cold words freeze people, hot words scorch them, bitter words make them bitter, wrathful words make them wrathful. Kind words produce their own image on men's souls, and a beautiful image it is.

By forbearing to do what may innocently be done, we may add hourly new vigor to resolution, and secure the power of resistance when pleasure or interest shall lend their charms to guilt.

There can be no peace in human life without the contempt of all events. He that troubles his head with drawing consequences from mere contingencies shall never be at rest.

Does any man wound thee? Not only forgive, but work into thy thought intelligence of the kind of pain, that thou mayest never inflict it on another spirit.

How many of us have been attracted to reason; first learned to think, to draw conclusions, to extract a moral from the follies of life, by some dazzling aphorism!

To doubt is an injury; to suspect a friend is breach of friendship; jealousy is a seed sown but in vicious minds; prone to distrust, because apt to deceive.

Who is wise? He that learns from every one. Who is powerful? He that governs his passions. Who is rich? He that is content.

The World's Happenings.

Paper doors are coming into use.

The selling of huge glass canes is a new street industry.

Phœnix, A. T., the last week in June enjoyed a temperature of 115°.

In Massachusetts, "Labor's holiday" is the next legal holiday—September 5.

There are 20,000,000 acres of government land in Dakota still open to settlement.

Small boys swam across the streets after the great April rain storm at Sydney, N. S. W.

In Garfield county, Colorado, there are 1100 unmarried men and only 28 unmarried women.

Pouring hot water on strikers is an original expedient lately employed in Rochester, N. Y.

There are 85,000 newspapers in the world, of which 15,000 are in the United States alone.

In upper New Jersey the farmers have been mowing by moonlight to escape the intense heat of the day.

Sixty-two sheep huddled together under one tree near Oshtemo, Mich., during a recent storm, were killed by lightning.

The United States owns about $60,000,000 worth of buildings of all sorts and has never put a dollar of insurance on any of them.

An authority on canned goods reveals the interesting fact that most of the jellies in the market are made of apple parings and cores.

All the stores at Evart, Mich., close at night when the "curfew bell" is rung by the secretary of the Business Men's Association at 8 30.

One of the most interesting machines used in the laundries at Troy is called a "whizzer." It dries clothes by making 1,000 revolutions a minute.

A negro lad 3 years old was taken in handcuffs to the jail of St. Augustine, Fla., the other day, for stealing four sour plums from a garden.

A malefactor has just been released from the galleys in Italy after serving a 57-years' term. He is now 82 years old. He was convicted of homicide.

A Plymouth, Ill., man attempted to chastise a cow by sticking her on the nose. He missed his aim, and his leg struck her sharp horn and he was impaled.

It is said that the blind rarely smoke. Soldiers and sailors who lose their sight in action continue smoking for a long time, but eventually give it up.

A house in Brockton, Mass., was destroyed last week by a fire that originated from rays of the sun, concentrated and reflected by a bright new milk pan.

In the Sydney, Australia, lighthouse is the largest electric light in the world. It has a power of 180,000 candles, and may be seen from ships 50 miles out at sea.

At Gilboa, N. Y., they are laughing over the fact that Mrs. P. H. Richtmyre, aged 62 years, has just completed a pair of trousers for her husband, aged 80, to play base ball in.

The Agricultural Department estimates that 10,000,000 acres of forest are yearly used in this country for fuel and lumber, and it is calculated that fires destroy about 10,000,000 acres more.

A hospital for animals will soon be erected in London, and at the same time free dispensaries will be opened where the horses, donkeys, cats, dogs and birds of the poor can be treated when ill.

A prisoner who broke out of jail at Neillsville, Wis., recently, left a note saying that he would return as soon as it had been cleaned out. He kept his word, and is now contentedly serving out his time.

The managers of the Stillwater Fair, Michigan, sold the privilege of running the wheel of fortune for $130 last year, and the wheel man won $2000. This year the fair managers have raised the price to $675.

At a trial at the Clay county, Ga., court the other day, two witnesses were put on the stand who did not know who made them, had never heard of heaven or hell, and did not know whether a lie was right or wrong.

Over 5,000 acres of land are given over to mule raising by a California man. There are several thousand head of stock on the ranch, and the business is considered much more profitable by the owner than horse breeding.

An owl attacked a Jersey City man the other evening and fought for several minutes before it was frightened off by the noise of a passing milk wagon. Shortly after it renewed its fight with another citizen, who choked it to death.

A patriotic youth in Buffalo was given by his father a $5 bill with which to purchase a hat and a pair of shoes, with permission to spend what was left over in fireworks, and he brought home a 25-cent pair of shoes, a 15-cent hat, and $4.50 worth of fireworks.

Farming is a big industry in this country. The leading farm products of the United States amount to $4,014,000,000 annually. That alone, independent of manufactures, fisheries, etc., represents an average income of $70 per year for every man, woman and child in the country.

At an early hour the other morning the vags in the Albuquerque, N. M., city jail again kicked a hole through the wall and four of them made their escape. One prisoner liked his quarters so well that he refused to go, but shortly afterward took a walk down town and informed the night police of the escape.

While hunting in the swamps near St. Augustine, Fla., Jim Ponce witnessed a fight between a panther and an alligator. The latter had the panther fast in its ponderous jaws. Ponce sympathized with the under dog in the fight and killed the alligator. The panther on being freed went for the hunter, and he had a hard fight before he killed the ungrateful beast.

TO ROY.

IN MEMORIAM.

So many years we passed together
In which you shared my joy and pain,
It seemed too hard for Death to sever
A tie that naught can make aught:
"Only a dog!" yet one so true,
I'll ne'er find one compared to you.

Altho' denied that power of speech
By which the human heart reveals
A love that's loyal, good and true,
Thy loving ways could plainly teach
That even a doggie's heart conceals
A love as strong and boundless too.

How oft thy soft brown eyes returned
The looks of care expressed by mine,
As if thy heart felt deep concern,
And all my troubles were no less thine.
Yet when my smiles said all was well,
As swift thy clouds could be dispelled.

No more he'll come with bounding feet
And eager joy his friends to greet,
His faithful heart has ceased to beat:
But time and change can ne'er efface
His gentle, loving, speaking face,
Fond mem'ry recalls in every place.

Amidst the scenes we often strayed,
In his endless sleep I had him laid;
Where buds and blossoms will mark the spot
And tell the story of a doggie's lot.
Tho' only a dog, his grave can share
God's sweetest gift of sunshine fair.

I cannot bring my mind to think
That when to Death his life did sink,
For such a loyal, faithful heart
A future life there is no part:
Unto such loving, soft, true eyes
Is ne'er revealed celestial skies.

July 1st, 1887.

Miss Chance.

BY E. ADAIR.

AND there are the Chances—you must know the Chances!" Harry Belford's manner was always brisk, but at mention of the Chances' name it became even brisker.

"I have no objection," was the reply.

"Right-down good sort of girls—no nonsense about them, you know. I say, Fort"—Harry lowered his legs from their comfortable elevation on his friend's mantelpiece, and bent forward eagerly to make his proposition, his hands in his pockets, his elbows sticking out squarely—"let us go round there now."

"Now?" repeated Fort, in astonishment. "It is close on eight o'clock. Is it Tessleton form to drop in casually at eight o'clock in the evening to make your first call?"

"Bless you!" returned Harry, with an easy laugh; "you have no idea how casual the Chances are themselves. This is their regular reception evening, and some other fellows are sure to be there, so come along."

After a moment's consideration, Fort assented. He had just been appointed to a mastership in Tessleton School, and had arrived in that town only a couple of days previously, whereas Harry was a native of the place, and might, therefore, fairly be considered a good authority on its manners and customs.

"How many Miss Chances are there?" asked Fort, as they turned out into the street. It was a keen, frosty night, with a moon overhead that looked like a white sickle, sharply defined against a deep-hued sky.

"Six—six, seven."

"Seven chances to one against your remaining a bachelor, Harry."

"What a wretched joke! I hope you are ashamed of it. I see you are. However, many a true word is spoken in jest; I may make one of them mistress of Crosslands one of these days. It is only four to one against me, though, for the two youngest girls are still in the school-room."

"Two from seven leaves five."

"Ah! but nobody counts Miss Chance. They call her the mischance of the family here," Harry said, with his usual laugh.

"What is wrong with her?"

"Nothing in particular. She seems an inoffensive kind of girl enough. I don't dislike her, but she is older than the others, and they rather laugh at her. Here we are; you'll feel at home in a jiffy."

Which statement proved to be strictly correct. Fort soon found himself one of a merry group of young people in Colonel Chance's hospitable drawing-room. He looked round with some curiosity. Colonel and Mrs. Chance were playing chess near the fire, leaving the entertainment of their guests to their daughters—an arrangement which seemed thoroughly satisfactory to all concerned.

The four Miss Chances, who "counted," struck him as being like four robins, brown-haired, red-cheeked, pretty, plump and piquante; the eldest sister was quite unlike them, taller, and—Fort found a word that exactly defined her to his own mind—quiet-looking.

"Are you going to the bazaar, Harry?" asked the four robins, in chorus, of Belford.

"Yes; are you, Kate?" Harry directed his question to one in particular.

"Of course; we take the flower-stall—three of us, Sara and I"—and here came a short pause, followed by a laugh that jarred on Fort—"and Lollie."

Two or three youths of tender years, who were also of the party, gave themselves up to suppressed amusement; there was evidently a good joke somewhere, though Fort could not see it at once—not till he noticed a pained flush on Miss Chance's usually pale face.

"I am not likely to be of much use," she remarked gently. "One of you must take my place."

"We could not think of such a thing," declared Katie maliciously. "Mrs. L'Estrange particularly named you. She says Lollie leads too retired a life for a young girl," she added, with an air of simplicity, yet looking round at her audience with a glance that somehow evoked responsive smiles from most of them.

Lollie said no more, but withdrew to the other side of the room; the action was full of unobtrusive dignity, which Fort pronounced to be "good." The next moment he was taken possession of by Miss Sara Chance, and led away to look at some photographs, but in the pauses of his conversation with that attractive young woman, he could not avoid hearing something of the talk between Katie and Harry, who sat close by.

"So absurd of Mrs. L'Estrange to insist on Lollie's being at the flower-stall," the girl was saying. "I cannot fancy her proving a very successful saleswoman."

"Oh! I'll buy no end of chrysanthemums and pansies from her," volunteered Harry, with conscious generosity.

"You are always good-natured, Harry, but one swallow does not make a summer," she replied; then catching Fort's eye, she added, in an altered voice and manner, "Poor old Lollie! I am sorry for her. She would have done better selling her own hard work."

"What has she made for the bazaar? Art needlework?"

Again there was clearly an understood joke, for Katie laughed.

"For shame, Harry! No; she has made any quantity of coarse underclothing; she says the poor people will be glad to buy it instead of ornamental things. I'm sure I hope they may."

Fort rose abruptly—he could bear this no longer—and crossed the room to Miss Chance's side. She was carefully folding some pretty fancy-work.

"Your work?" asked Fort, touching it.

"Oh, no; Sara's," she answered, opening the piece. "She works beautifully; they are all so clever at this kind of thing."

She seemed pleased and proud to tell him of it. He took a chair near her as he asked—

"Are they your step-sisters?"

"Oh, no; but many people ask that question. I am so different and—and older."

"Not much older, I should judge."

"Five years older than Katie," she said, with determined candor.

"But you *are* different—quite."

Fort spoke with meaning. She raised her grey eyes quickly to his face, then dropped them, the still aspect that distinguished her changing. For one short instant he believed he saw her as she looked when alone, with sad lines about her mouth, that told their own tale of unhappiness.

"What are you two talking about?" Katie stood before them in a pretty attitude.

"Mr. Fort was saying how very unlike sisters we are," returned Lollie tranquilly, and rose to leave the room.

Katie's bright face wore a mildly meditative air as she looked after her.

"Lollie has a hard nature, I sometimes think," she said, with well-assumed innocence. "She does not seem to mind being quite apart from us as a family."

Fort made no reply, but his grave eyes left an uncomfortable impression on Katie's mind. He was older, and therefore more interesting, than most of their admirers, she reflected.

Lollie could not call him a "tennis young man," which term she had once declared to be exhaustively descriptive of Harry Belford and his kind; no, he was quite thirty, a tall, grave, strong-looking man, of whom any girl might be proud; and he had begun his career at Edenmount Lodge in quite an original way, by singling out Lollie for attention.

"Pretty girl, Katie, eh?" said Harry to his friend before they parted, after leaving the Chances'.

"You consider her so, I can see."

"I know what it is, Fort," discontentedly; "you thought her rather hard on Lollie about the bazaar."

"Frankly, yes."

"Well, she always is rather hard on her, I'll admit, but, as she says herself, every true woman has a pinch of spite in her composition."

"Then I should say Miss Chance is not a true woman. By the way, Belford, where is this bazaar to be held?"

"You go to a bazaar? You don't mean to say you are going in for reckless dissipation of that kind in your old age?"

"Why should I not, pray? Where is it to be held?"

"At the Town-hall. Good night. I despair of you."

Next time Harry met Katie Chance he confided to her that he believed old Fort was going to the bazaar for the express purpose of meeting Lollie.

Katie smiled mysteriously. "We shall see," she said.

Fort often recalled the look of pathetic surprise with which Lollie had greeted the little commendatory phrase as to her being unlike her sisters, that he had dared to utter the evening they first met.

He often saw her in the streets of Tessleton before the day of the bazaar came, and he as often spoke to her, or walked a little way beside her. But she met him with coldness, and parted from him without regret. Her heart had been too long starved for want of love and approbation, to readily accept or to return a friendliness to which she was so entirely unaccustomed.

When the day of the bazaar came, Fort and Harry went down to the Town-hall together. The flower-stall was evidently popular, for many customers, chiefly young men, stood about it. Katie and Sara, in coquettish and becoming caps and aprons, and looking particularly bright and sparkling, were busily selling their wares, while Lollie stood unemployed at her end of the stall, now and then handing tissue-paper, wire or scissors to her sisters.

Harry went straight up to her, and fulfilled his promise by buying an ungainly button-hole bouquet in a huge chrysanthemum. It was Harry's own choice, but the general laugh that greeted it seemed to reflect some of the ridicule on the blameless seller, whose quiet face slowly crimsoned.

"How could you let him have such a thing, Lollie?" cried Kate, pointing the laugh.

But Lollie made no defence.

Fort felt very indignant, but Tessleton society was no wiser or kinder than other societies. It accepted the prevailing opinion of Lollie's uninterestingness and incapability to be as charming as her sisters, without troubling itself to find out whether it were well-founded or just. Mrs. L'Estrange was clearly alone in her rebellion against the family verdict.

He was roused from these thoughts by Katie's voice.

"Mr. Fort." She was holding up a lovely camellia. "Only sixpence. Let me put it in for you."

"Thanks, no; I never deck myself with garlands," returned Fort, with a grave smile, and allowed himself to be elbowed away by the crush.

When he looked again, Lollie had disappeared, and another girl had taken her place. He searched for her for some time fruitlessly. At last he found her in a sheltered corner, engaged in tying up parcels that could not be put together by the busy stall-keepers. She seemed quite content, although she looked tired.

Fort wondered at her—wondered at the dignity with which she accepted the position her sisters had chosen to thrust her into, prematurely depriving her of girlhood's privileges and reasonable pleasures.

"I hope you will allow me to help you," said he, making his way to her side.

"Thanks; I have not very much to do. But Katie or Sara will be glad of your——"

"I should infinitely prefer to stay here, if I may," he interrupted.

A flush rose to her face; she looked almost pretty. Again her eyes met his, with the same half-troubled astonishment he had found so pathetic once before. It seemed incredible that any one should want to talk to her, especially Mr. Fort, who was reported to be so clever, and to have won all sorts of honors at Oxford.

"I know nearly every one here, so please ask me the names of all that interest you," she said, with a nervous smile.

"Why are you called Lollie?" he rejoined, with a directness of meaning that disturbed her for a moment.

"My real name is Charlotte—such an ugly name; but I was called Lottie at first, then the children, when they were babies, altered it to Lollie."

"The babies were fond of you?"

"Yes, they all were. You can't think how sorry I was when they grew older."

"They became more companionable, surely?"

"Not to me. They are naturally more with Katie now," she said quite simply.

Fort was not a man of ready words. He did not know how to express his ideas about the isolated position she accepted so calmly. It must be hard for her, he knew; even her parents cared nothing for the plain, unpopular elder daughter. He vainly wished that he could alter the conditions of her life, and make them right and natural, and happier for her.

"What do you do with yourself all day long?" he asked, after a prolonged pause.

"Nothing, or as nearly nothing as it is possible for a human being to do and to exist at the same time. I can do nothing clever or amusing, and very little that is useful. I have not any hidden virtues, such as I see you are trying to make me confess to," she said, smiling sadly. "Most girls like me are redeemed by being excellent, are they not? But I am not excellent; I am merely a nonentity that feels she is alive, and——"

She stopped short. She had never spoken like this to any one before. For once the long control of years had given way under the softening influence of his persistent kindliness.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Fort." She spoke again in her usual even tones.

He looked down at her with steady, kindly eyes, and said—

"Please finish that sentence: I am interested in what you were saying——and ——"

"And is conscious of the misery of living," she ended; then added, with a hard laugh, "It is very kind of you to be interested in the sort of life I am describing. I don't find it very interesting myself."

"What is not interesting?" Katie said, suddenly appearing at her sister's side.

"My life," replied Lollie defiantly.

She had the mental strength, the unflinching courage, that deals simply and directly with facts at all costs.

Fort believed he should have evaded giving that answer rather than have met the raised eyebrows and meaning shrug with which Katie greeted it, and yet he believed himself to possess some moral courage.

He had pitied Lollie before, now he admired her. She seemed to be a plant with vigorous inner life, but nipped and pruned back at all points. There could be no sweet blossom, no fair fruit. But the stem was sound, and strong, and healthy, and surely possessed rare capabilities yet to be developed.

"Girls," said Katie next morning, when the sisters were discussing the events of the bazaar, "ask Lollie what she was saying to Mr. Fort last evening."

"I shall not tell you," declared Lollie, walking straight out of the room.

As she went up-stairs, however, she could hear the sound of Katie's voice, followed by a burst of merriment. She ran up and locked herself in her room. It was too unkind, too hard. Could not Kate be happy, and leave her to live out her unloved, empty life alone?

At this moment she saw on her dressing table a small paper parcel, with a note. It was a man's writing. She turned it over breathlessly in her shaking hands. Who would write to her? Interesting little missives often came to Edenmount in many scrawls for her sisters, but none had ever come before directed to Miss Chance.

At length she opened it. A very short note it was, that ran as follows:—

"Dear Miss Chance,

"I have just been reading the enclosed, and found it interesting, so have taken the liberty of sending it on to you, thinking you might care to see it.

"Yours very truly,
BLACKBURN FORT."

Lollie read over the words several times, then she looked at the book—a French story. She understood at once his motive in sending it, and the counsel thus indirectly given. Her life might be barren, but her mind need not therefore lie fallow. She took no time to bemoan the unhappiness resulting from Katie's teasing, but straightway went to the school-room, sought out the best French dictionary there, and, wrapping her shawl round her, sat down at once to the work of translation.

Once, as she worked, she caught sight of her own face in the glass.

"Lollie," she said, gravely addressing herself, "you are quite plain and nearly thirty; do not fancy Mr. Fort has any interest in you—nothing like Harry Bel-

ford's in Katie, for instance—beyond that of a good man who tries to rectify the faults and failures of the human beings about him. I am much obliged to Mr. Fort for his advice; he is kind, but"—she set her lips and went on with her reading. But, alas! hearts are not always under head control, and "a dream cometh through the multitude of business." Certain vague thoughts and desires, as vain as they were vague, came to her that bright winter afternoon, that nevermore could be persuaded to leave her.

After this Mr. Fort met her in the streets. He often came to Edenmount. But although he found she was following his unspoken advice, and working hard at various subjects, she did not seem to grow any happier. Her demeanor was still as reserved as ever; but he noticed her too closely not to see that the old listlessness had deepened to depression, and negative merged into active wretchedness.

He was dismayed at his own work. He had meant to do good, but the result was evil. Soon she began to avoid him quietly but steadily; indeed, she could do nothing else under Katie's laughing but keen-sighted eyes. Fort asked himself what he could do for her now. The answer, though disheartening, was final—Nothing!

Meanwhile Lollie's awakening nature had budded and borne fruit at last. She had not followed her own advice; the needs of the human heart once called forth are imperious in their hunger. She felt keenly, bitterly, all that her life lacked, and although she never for an instant dreamt of return, she had the miserable knowledge of a hopeless love within her.

The slights and ridicule of former days had hurt and worried her, but now, with the keen sensitiveness born of her new feelings, they became absolutely intolerable. Her slow-moving nature once set in motion bore down all opposition. She determined to leave home, and, to her surprise, Katie actually helped her to carry out her plans. She undertook to fill temporarily the post of superintendent in a Nurses' Home. She was not a qualified nurse; but, being rather in a dilemma for want of some one to fill the post, the Institute accepted her services for the time.

The Home was situated in a remote town in the north of England, far from Tessleton, and Lollie felt the change to the new lonely life. The nurses were usually absent, and although she had a good deal to do, and characteristically did her work thoroughly, still there were times when memory was too vivid, and the longing to see Blackburn Fort once more almost too strong to be resisted.

In the long winter dusk she used to sit and picture the doings at home: the merry voices; Katie's pretty, glowing face; Mr. Fort's step in the hall, the sound of which she had learnt to know so well. Was he beginning to love Katie? She imagined over and over again how beautiful, how true, how grand a thing his love could be. Happy Katie!

It was hard to force herself to go through her duties. The thought of all that might have been was a perpetual heart-sickness. Many an impatient short sigh she heaved over her account-books and the household linen.

For awhile her power of self-command failed her, but there would surely come a time when she should care less than she cared now, when useless regrets and desires, grown feeble, would cease to poison and spoil existence.

Her sore heart, in its suffering, almost longed for the old days of ignorance and deadness to return. It sometimes seemed impossible to "teach her trial patience," to go on living her methodical, monotonous life, far away from the sight of events which, indeed, she could have no power to alter, but which so keenly and intimately interested her.

Katie's letters were feverishly expected; they were suggestive, and the mention of Fort's name grew more and more frequent. He had done and said this and that. They seemed to have grown confidential, for one day Katie wrote—"You must have been a source of amusement to him at one time. He often speaks of you." The very vagueness of this was its torment. What had she, Lollie, done? What had he said? Was he base enough to have dissected her heart and life for mere amusement?

And so two weary months slipped by. It was January now, and the weather cold and raw. One evening, when the light was almost gone, and the lamps were lit in the street, Lollie sat in her usual chair, looking out, and giving herself her daily indulgence of half an hour of idle thought.

The rain pattered dismally on the wet pavements, and all else was silent, save the footfall of an occasional passer-by. Suddenly, as a tall man passed, something in his gate or appearance reminded Lollie of Blackburn Fort. Her heart leaped and sank as he disappeared from sight up the street.

Had she ever known before how passionately dear he was to her? The pang of recollection quivered through her like physical pain.

A step—a knock. The servant had gone out; she must open the door herself. She drew back the latch. Blackburn Fort stood before her.

"Is anything the matter at home?" she panted.

"No; they are all as well as can be," he replied, entering, and shutting the door behind him. "Won't you ask me how I am, Miss Chance?"

She murmured something unintelligible for her heart was fluttering in her throat.

"I have something very serious the matter with me. I am hopelessly ill," he said quietly.

How tall and strong he seemed in that narrow hall! And he was looking so gravely at her. In a moment the reserve and self-consciousness faded from her mind. Yet he was ill, although he looked so strong—dying, perhaps! She sprang towards him, with hands outstretched, and a face that told him her secret only too plainly.

"Don't say that! Can nothing be done?"

He caught her in his arms, and held her there.

"Yes, my darling, and you have done it! You love me, Lollie, and that is all I need.

Three Pictures.

BY JESSIE MACLEOD.

PICTURE I.

IT was a wet, chilly evening in April, and only persons compelled by business or necessity were afoot in the streets. Down the back entrance to the Royal Academy there was considerable traffic, for pictures were being removed for which no space could be found in the galleries above. An open archway gave entrance to gloomy passages, suggestive of the Conciergerie; muddy ground, brick walls, no seats, formed the waiting-place of the various recipients.

A group of artists, who preferred to personally receive their works, stood at the barrier, waiting to have their names called out by a policeman. All had been waiting for a long time in the cold and damp, as the rain drifted in at the vaulted entrance.

One of this group of victims advanced to the barrier when summoned as "Richard Issaby." He was a tall, angular man, verging on sixty years of age; a wide-awake on his head; iron-grey hair and beard; a pale, mild face, much lined, upon which depression was stamped. He spread an old baize on the damp earth, packing up his "Leonidas," which he had fondly hoped would have been exhibited in the rooms overhead.

"'Just in the gate, and in the jaws of Hell,
Revengeful cares and fallen sorrows dwell,'"

said he, quoting Virgil. "Well, I must resign myself to the inevitable."

Then he sighed. Finding an umbrella awkward to carry in addition to his picture, he put it under his arm, and with the rain beating pitilessly in his face, issued forth bravely from the gate into Burlington Gardens.

Just as he turned the corner, a young clear voice humbly said at his elbow—

"Are you an artist, sir?"

Surprised he glanced downward, and saw a little slip of a girl, apparently about fourteen years old. She had an oval, white face, and eyes that shone like stars in the light of the gas-lamp. He stopped.

"Yes, my child," he said. "Why do you ask?"

"I thought perhaps you might want a model, sir."

"What—are you one?"

"I have never sat yet, sir, but I wish to make a beginning. I've been standing here in the rain, watching the artists come away, but was afraid to speak to them. Yours is the first face that looked kind, sir."

Richard Issaby was pleased by this artless compliment; he did not get many of them.

"You are very young," he said: "a child in fact. Don't be a model. Go out to work: do anything rather than that."

The girl sighed. "I don't know how to work, sir, and I want money so badly. Won't you try me, sir? I've not a bad arm, though it's thin." She stretched out a delicate hand and arm like Parian marble from her ragged mantle. "Nor a bad foot"—slipping a lovely little naked foot worthy of Cinderella from a miserable boot.

"Who are you, what are you, and where do you live?"

"I've danced in pantomimes; my name is Christine Foret; I live with my mother; she is ill; people say she is dying." She wept, quietly.

"And your father?"

"He has been dead many years, sir. He was a scene-painter at Drury Lane Theatre."

The freemasonry of art touched Richard Issaby's sympathies.

"Come along, then; we cannot talk here in the rain. You must come home with me to Newman Street. I will speak to my brother, who is also an artist. Take my umbrella."

"Thank you, sir; I will follow behind you, unless you would like me to hold the umbrella up very high with both hands to keep the rain out of your eyes," said she.

Mr. Issaby laughed aloud. "I don't mind the rain; keep it for your own benefit, and follow me."

He walked on, taking long strides, the girl running like a young fawn. Arrived at a dingy house in Newman Street, Richard Issaby opened the door and mounted the stairs.

"Is that you, Dick?" cried a voice from above; and a second gentleman, bearing a strong resemblance to his brother, descended and relieved him of his picture. "Hallo!" he cried, seeing Christine, "who is this little girl?"

"She wants to be a model, Joseph, and says her mother is dying; so I brought her in for you to see. Come in, my child."

She entered, and stood just within the door. The gas very high, for Joseph was painting. They looked at her. In spite of starvation, she was beautiful; a face radiant with intelligence, chestnut-colored hair, and liquid g[illegible] as that looked anxiously from one brother to another.

"A girl told me I could get money as an artist's model. See," said she, tossing off her old hat, and looking up with an expression of rapture. She posed for a minute. "That's Joy," said she. Then in sudden transition, she frowned, set her mouth in a firm line, clenching her hands. "That's Despair"—breaking into a little silvery laugh as she saw the two brothers standing side by side, looking at her in amazement. Joseph shook his head gravely at Richard.

"Something must be done, Dick. She is the very image of your 'Pandora.'" ("Pandora" had stood face to the wall for thirty years.) "Why not paint upon that picture again? You have not seen it for some time; your eye has improved; there's nothing like a rest."

"True," replied Richard, "How ready-witted you are, Joseph! Can you come and sit for me to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, my child?"

"Oh, sir, I shall be thankful!" cried Christine, radiant at her success.

He gave her half-a-crown. "You may take the umbrella," continued he, "but be sure to bring it back in the morning; and be punctual. That is a sad case," he said, as the door closed upon her.

"The worst of it is, she is so beautiful," replied Joseph, shaking his head. "I do not like the idea of her becoming a model."

"And her father was a scene-painter. We might have married, died, and left children behind us ourselves. It is clearly our duty to save her from the wrong path," said Richard.

"To be sure, we might," said Joseph. "Brother, you have a good heart."

"Not better than yours, Joseph." The two men shook hands.

Early the following morning "Pandora" was brought out from the garret, where, in company with many other pictures, she had rested undisturbed for over thirty years. The back of the canvas was the color of coffee. Time, that heals all wounds and softens griefs, had toned down the painting to a mellowness resembling that of an old master. The two brothers were surprised at the superiority of the picture.

"Touch her up from little Christine, and she will become a success!" cried Joseph.

The young girl appeared at the appointed time, and fell into position as naturally as though she had sat for "Pandora" a dozen times. It transpired that she spoke French, and sang French chansonettes. For three mornings Richard painted from her; on the fourth and final one, a visitor appeared upon the scene, a Mr. Levison, who called himself "a bart collector," and occasionally purchased from the brothers.

"Anythink in my line?" cried this individual. "I say, what have you got here—is it a hold master?"

"No," answered Richard Issaby; "I am touching up an early effort."

"Why, what a canvass! It looks two hundred years hold, at least. What is it? What's that young woman going to do with that biscuit-box?" and Mr. Levison fixed his turbid brown eyes on the beautiful production.

"It's 'Pandora'—a classical subject."

"What's the use of painting what nobody understands? Why don't you stick to 'Dolly Vardens'? They're money, they are."

"We paint to improve the taste, not to pander to it," replied Joseph, with dignity.

"More fools you—begging your pardons!" added Mr. Levison politely. "Now, what figure do you put on this picture? She's a pretty gal, though she is classical."

Joseph and Richard exchanged glances.

"As it was painted some years ago, I will take eighty pounds for it," said Richard.

"Oh, brother, and you once thought two hundred!" groaned Joseph.

"I'll give you forty, and write a cheque for it now," said Mr. Levison, diving into his coat pocket.

"I could not accept it," replied Richard Issaby.

Not disconcerted, Mr. Levison went to the table, took pen and ink, wrote a cheque and placed it on the easel before the artist. "There," said he, "never refuse money. It's a unsalable subject. I only buy it because she's a pretty gal; and she's a pretty gal that's sitting for it. Will you come and sit to me, my dear?"

"No, sir," said Christine, whose eyes were fixed on his face.

"Come, Mr. Levison, please to let the girl alone; she is not a professional model."

"You'll take the forty pounds for the picture, I know?"

"Very well, under the circumstances I will," replied Richard, with a sigh, for he remembered how it had remained in oblivion many years, to which it might return.

"Now, you must promise faithful not to show the picture to anybody, or mention our little transaction. I have my reasons. What makes the canvas so brown and hold?"

"We bought a number of canvases at poor Howard's sale forty-five years ago; they were old canvasses then, which he had brought from Italy with him."

In bargaining for secrecy, it appeared that Mr. Levison had overlooked the presence of Christine Foret, probably he considered her of no importance. After he had departed, Joseph said sadly—

"If you remember, brother, that picture was intended to sell well, and to take us to Rome. Rome! shall we ever see her?"

"I do not despair," replied Richard.

The following day Christine's mother died.

"We must do something for the destitute child," said Joseph Issaby; "she is not wholly uneducated; but we have no means of obtaining votes for a charity; a private school we could not afford."

"I have it," cried Richard radiantly. "Madame Dupont told me she had placed her daughter in a convent school in Brittany, for a small donation and teaching the little ones English. The pupils wear a uniform."

"How wonderfully ready-witted you are, Dick! but they will make her a Romanist."

"As her father was a Frenchman, that must not stand in our way," returned Richard.

The proposed plan was carried out. Christine was sent to a convent. For the first year or two the brothers heard of her occasionally; then time rolled on, and the episode of little Christine Foret faded from their memory.

PICTURE II.

IT is a lovely June morning; the scene Hyde Park, before the fashionable hour. Along the wide path beside the road, a tall old man, with bent figure, is walking feebly, led by a small servant-girl, for he is blind. She guides him to a seat under a lime-tree, where it is a great pleasure for him to sit and inhale the perfume from the flowers.

He is poorly dressed, his countenance pale and patient in expression; but his spare grey hair gives a forlorn aspect to his helpless appearance. An open carriage, drawn by fine horses, drives along the road, then suddenly stops; a lady descends and advances towards the seat, her eyes fixed on the old gentleman.

She is a beautiful woman, with oval face and delicate features, but the charm of her countenance lies in her large limpid grey eyes, which are full of feeling as they rest on his lined face with wistful gaze. Seating herself beside him—

"We have met before, sir," she says very very sweetly, placing a soft, ungloved hand in his wrinkled one.

"You have the advantage of me, madam," he replies. "Your voice is kind; your hand has a sympathetic touch, but I do not recognize its owner."

"But I know you, Mr. Issaby. I have sought for you in vain at the house in Newman Street; it is pulled down. I could learn nothing of you. I trust your brother is well."

"He is well—he is where disappointments and mortifications will reach him nevermore. I am alone." His tone is so resigned and pathetic that tears overflow her lovely eyes, falling upon the hand she holds. "Bless you, my dear! I thought there was no one left to mourn for my loved Joseph save myself. You knew him, then—tell me who you are?"

"I did know him, his kindness and goodness, and you also, sir. I have reason to thank you both for your benevolence to a destitute orphan, a brand snatched from the burning. Carry your thoughts back twelve years. I was a little girl then, and sat to you for your picture of 'Pandora.'"

"Ah!" cries Richard Issaby, for it is he, a gleam of pleasure illuminating his worn face. "Can it be little Christine? My dear—my dear, how glad I am to speak with you again!"

She raises his thin hand to her sweet lips.

"At last," she says, "humbly and gratefully I thank you for what you did in my behalf. I remained in the convent where your kindness placed me until I was eighteen, when I became companion to an American lady, who was making a tour of Europe; she was good to me, and gave me masters to improve my accomplishments. I returned with her to Virginia; there I married."

"Ah! I congratulate you, my dear. I hope your husband is a good man, possessing adequate means."

"He is one of the best of men; but tell me of yourself."

"After your departure we went on much the same, until my dearest brother's health failed. He did not wish to go, because I should be left alone, but One"—here he raises his hat reverently—"judged otherwise. He died in my arms. I wept so much that I injured my sight, but I have a small annuity from the Artists' Fund, and my landlady takes care of me."

"And your pictures — what became of them?" she asks.

"I sold them; they did not realize very much"—he sighs.

"Now I am going to surprise you," she says cheerfully. "I have seen the picture of 'Pandora' again, in the collection of a Russian Prince at St. Petersburg, who had bought it for a large sum as a Guido."

"Guido! What! the great Guido! my picture?"

"The same."

"Oh, it is too much! I cannot bear it." He buries his face in his handkerchief. There is a silence.

"I have more to tell," presently says his lovely companion. "My husband saw a strong resemblance to me in the 'Pandora.' I told him the whole story, and how I had sat for it. Then he induced the Prince to sell it to him, for some thousands, I believe. We brought it with us to London; my husband, being determined that the real painter should have his name known as the creator of such a work of genius, sent it to the Academy. There it hangs, the finest picture in this season's exhibition. The art-world resounds with its praise; the name of Issaby has had justice done to it at last, and become famous."

"Too much—too much," sobs poor old Richard.

"I am so thankful in having met with you, dear Mr. Issaby. My husband knows my whole story. You must come to us for

life. My husband is rich, and will be delighted to honor you. It is through your benevolence and your brother's that property and happiness are my lot. We will consult the best oculists, and endeavor, with Heaven's blessing, to restore your sight, and then we will take you to Rome."

PICTURE III.

The Royal Academy galleries are blazing with light and crowded with guests, some aristocratic, others distinguished in literature and art, also well-known connoisseurs. It is a July night, and the occasion is the soiree given at the close of the exhibition.

A group has formed before the splendid picture of "Pandora," the centre of which is Mrs. Vandreening, a new star of beauty in the fashionable world. She is attired in rich ivory satin and old lace adorned with lilies, the calyx of each flower formed of diamonds. Beside her is her noble-looking husband, who has reason to be proud of his bride.

She is conversing with animation to her friends, and strangers gather round, admiring her beauty and elegance and listening to her silvery voice. One gentleman, especially, has followed her closely, staring most offensively with his bold, inroid brown eyes; he is elderly and stout, attired in elaborate evening dress, and wearing a great display of jewelry; he talks loudly and pretentiously, and forms one one of the crowd before the "Pandora."

"Who is he?" whisper the bystanders.

"Do you not know the great art connoisseur, Baron Levison?" is the reply.

Standing at the elbow of Mrs. Vandreening, he says to a companion, quite loudly, so that all near him may hear:

"I tell you that 'la belle Christine' was a little ragged girl who sat as a model to Bartolozzi. I wonder if her husband knows her antecedents. But millionaires and Republicans can afford to marry nobodies."

"Hush! Levison," whispers his acquaintance, a little scandalized, "she will certainly hear you."

If Mrs. Vandreening has heard, she makes no sign; her pure cheek remains undimmed. Her husband is recounting the history of the purchase of the picture.

"When I discovered that this picture was no Guido, but had been painted by Richard Ismby, I was resolved that he should have the credit of his fine production. I brought it to England, and sent it the Academy."

"How did you discover who was the real artist?" asks a gentleman.

"I can explain that," cries Mrs. Vandreening, suddenly joining in the conversation, deliberately speaking, in her clear tones, which reached the ears of all around her. "Once upon a time there was a poor little orphan girl, whose father had been an artist. She was asked to give sittings to Mr. Ismby, that he might touch up a picture he had painted some thirty years previously on a very old canvas—this 'Pandora,' in fact. One day, when the little girl was in Mr. Ismby's studio, a dealer known to the artist called in, and in her presence, purchased the picture, under conditions of secrecy, for forty pounds."

At this statement there is a murmur of indignation.

"Some years afterwards," she continues, "that little girl, then grown to womanhood, identified the picture in the collection of Prince Lorinsky, at St. Petersburg, who had bought it at a fabulous price, as a Guido, from a dealer in Paris. It was no great likeness of me that Mr. Vandreening prevailed upon the Prince to sell it to him. I was that girl; I witnessed the whole transaction. The picture was bought by a dealer named Levison; there he stands," and the spirited woman points to the affrighted man with her fan.

There is a commotion in the crowd; the stout, over-dressed individual pushes his way violently through it, regardless of ladies' trains and flounces, in his haste to reach the door.

The story told by Mrs. Vandreening spreads like wildfire. Many persons, probably detectives, call at Baron Levison's house, at St. John's Wood, the following day, but the shutters are all closed, as the Baron has gone abroad. Up to the present moment he has not returned.

A Bit of Science.

BY J. P. THATCHER.

"WELL, Fred, what wonderful invention have you now?"

"Nothing wonderful, uncle, only a telegraph."

"A telegraph, eh? What does it communicate with?"

"It runs up to the house; didn't you notice the wire as you came down this morning?"

"Well, go ahead with your telegraph; I expect I will come home some day, and find you have blown up the house with gunpowder—or nitro-glycerine is your favorite, I believe, for things of that kind?"

I blushed. In pursuing my recreations in natural science I had, the week before, carefully arranged a mine in a secluded part of our garden, using for the purpose some dynamite cartridges left by the men who had been blasting out a cellar.

I had connected the mine with the house by [illegible] but nothing had occurred to [illegible] morning.

[illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] with [illegible] up [illegible] at [illegible] with [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

THE SPECTRE KNIGHTS.

BY MRS. DAVID KER.

CARRIE, Carrie! come quickly! I shall faint, swoon, or go off into fits! I have had such a fright!"

"Well, you have gone off into a fit of laughter, Audrey, anyhow. But what's the matter?"

"I thought I should like to see how mother was before breakfast, so I ran to her room and knocked at the door. As there was no answer I guessed she was asleep, so I opened the door and went in, and found the window-blinds down and her bed-curtains drawn. As I did not like to wake her too suddenly, I stole to the bedside on tiptoe, and gently stroked her hand. Instantly the curtains were thrown aside, and a most awful creature jumped up from beneath the clothes. It was a man, Carrie! He had red hair towzled all about, a great bushy beard, and blood-shot eyes. He roared out something or other in a horrid, hoarse voice, but I hadn't time to hear what he said. I just made one spring to the door. The next thing I remember was the water picking me up outside the room, for I had tumbled over the nasty creature's dirty old boots."

"But what made you go into his room?" asked Carrie, as well as she could speak for laughing.

"Why, I had got on the wrong floor," said Audrey; "the man's room was in exactly the same position as mother's, and the bedstead and furniture was placed just in the same way. I didn't notice the number on the door."

"Let's come up to mother and tell her about it, and ask if Annette may take us to see the sights."

Audrey and Carrie Brooke had just arrived at Malta from England with their mother, to spend the winter there, for Mrs. Brooke was an invalid.

They had a French maid to look after them and take them out walking; and it was arranged that they should study a little with their mother every day when she was able for it.

Neither of them was yet twelve years old, and both were forward with their lessons, so that it did not matter their being without a governess for a short time.

They were staying for the present at a large hotel, but were soon going to take a house for the season.

"You must take great care always to look at the number of a room before going into it, Audrey," said Mrs. Brooke, after the children had told her of Audrey's adventure. "I should like you to stay at home this morning, to help Annette unpack your clothes, and make your room tidy, but you can go out with her this afternoon if you wish."

In the afternoon the children and Annette started for their expedition.

They were delighted at the quaintness of the town, the upper part being built so high upon the hill that, in order to get to the lower town and quay on foot you have to go down flights and flights of stairs. The old drawbridge and moat, too, interested them immensely.

"How lovely it is having this beautiful blue sky and sea, and the warm sunshine," said Carrie. "At home there is nothing but rain and sleet, and everything looking gloomy and dull. I wish, though, there weren't so many beggars about."

Just then a little, pale-faced, sickly boy came limping towards them, holding out a bunch of flowers for them to buy. He had a wound on his leg, and was so thin that his bones seemed pricking through the skin.

The few clothes he wore were nothing but dirty rags, and altogether he looked the most wretched object imaginable. There was a sweet expression, however, in the little lad's face; and he looked at the children so entreatingly with his large dark eyes that they were attracted to him at once.

"You pay him for the flowers, Carrie, while I buy him some of these cakes," said Audrey.

The wan face of the poor little fellow lighted up with intense delight and surprise as Audrey put the bag of cakes into his hands.

This act of kindness did not pass unnoticed, as the poor children soon found to their cost; for they were instantly surrounded and followed by the blind, lame, and maimed of Malta, each wretched object looking more miserable than the other.

"What a good thing we are going into Government House to see the armory," said Audrey; "for then we shall get away from these dreadful creatures."

They entered the house, where Annette soon procured a guide, who showed them through the long room, where was kept the armor of the Knights of St. John, to whom the island once belonged.

"Look at this suit of armor, missy," said the guide. "No man big enough to wear it now! Knight who wore this seven foot tall."

"And look at that helmet," said Carrie. "Why, what an enormous head the knight who wore it must have had."

"Ah, no mimy togedor no lift it from de ground," said the guide. "Mimy try."

Indeed, it was so heavy that both children trying at once could not stir it from the floor where it was lying.

"Mother has told us," said Carrie, "that these great knights of St. John, although they were Christians and brave men, often were just as cruel as the Turks they fought against."

"It sail get late," said Annette. "I tink we bettaire go to ze house."

When they came out into the street again the children found, to their great disgust, the beggars all waiting for them outside.

"This is dreadful," said Carrie, as the wretched creatures again followed them, touching them every now and then to draw their attention to some hideous wound on the eye, leg or arm.

"Oh, we get soon rid of dem now," said Annette. "Look, here is one stall turn ovaire (upset) in ze street, and you will find dat dey sall all go for see vat dey sall peeck up."

In her eagerness to watch the commotion Annette ran on a little way herself.

"Here's our chance, Carrie," said Audrey. "We will slip into the church while the beggars are not looking, and when we think they have quite lost and forgotten us we will go home in peace. Annette, Annette, come along!"

"I'm afraid Annette did not hear, Audrey," said Carrie, as they stepped into the large, dark nave of the church, and the heavy doors swung back, shutting them into the dim mysterious building.

"I think she saw us," said Audrey; "but anyhow, we must not peep out for her, or else the beggars will see us. She is very sharp, so it's most likely she is staying outside some shop to make them think we are inside, but she'll come to us presently. Just look at the silver crucifixes shining on the altar; let's come and look at them."

The children walked along one of the immense aisles of the immense nave, and stood on the altar steps, gazing with awe and admiration at the gorgeous cloth, costly ornaments, and beautifully tesselated pavement.

"Here she is!" cried both children at once, as the sound of the door opening made them turn quickly around.

But they only just caught a glimpse of a figure in a black cassock vanishing in the doorway, and presently the sound of the key turning in the lock echoed through the large dark building.

"Carrie, it was the sexton, and he has locked us in," gasped Audrey.

"Oh, what shall we do? It's getting dark, and it will be fearful spending the night here."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" sighed Audrey. "I'm always getting into some scrape or other. Perhaps the priests will come in the dead of night, and threaten to kill us if we don't turn nuns and live in those awful catacombs all our lives."

"No, no, Audrey," said Carrie almost laughing. "They never do those sort of things now."

"Don't you feel like 'Little Goody Two Shoes,' Carrie, who was shut up in a church? Let me see, she climbed up the belfry tower, and rang the bell till the people came to her. Let us try to find the belfry tower."

"Let's go and make sure that the door is locked first; that will be better," said Carrie.

The children's footsteps sounded weird and ghostly to themselves as they again walked the whole length of the building to find out whether they were really locked in. In vain did they twist and turn the handle of the heavy door. In vain did they bang and kick it, and shout loudly for help. The door would not open, and no one answered their cries.

Meanwhile it was getting darker and darker, and the children could only dimly see one another's faces. They managed to grope their way back again to the east end, for Audrey said it would be very unromantic for them to be found unconscious on the altar steps. They sat down and crept close to each other, holding one another's hands in silence.

Suddenly a piercing scream from Audrey awoke all the echoes of the vast, gloomy building.

"Look! Carrie, look! There are the terrible Knights of St. John! Oh, I shall die of fright!"

The moonlight, streaming from the upper windows, lighted up the huge, fierce-looking figures of armed knights standing high up on a ledge on the wall.

"There are their badges on the shoulder, the red cross on the white ground!" cried Audrey. "They are those fearful knights who did such cruel things. And their great black eyes are staring down on us! Oh, what shall we do!"

"Childa! childa!" cried a well-known voice from the other end of the church. "Oh, mine poor legs! I 'ave hunt for you all ovaire ze town; vat sall your poor mother say? De breath is all gone. I can no more speak. If it be not for dis leedle beggar you give de cakes to I sall have altogedor lost you!"

No words can describe the children's delight at hearing Annette's voice, and they hurried to the door, which was held open by the little beggar boy.

When Annette had let out her joy at getting back the children in all sorts of funny expressions, she told them how she missed them when she was looking at the crowd, and that in her fright she had run all round the town, up and down the steep flights of stairs. She got so tired at last that she sank down on a stone step and had a good cry: All of a sudden she felt some one tapping her on the shoulder, and looking up she saw the little pale-faced beggar boy standing beside her. By signs he made her understand where the children were, and then she got the sexton to open the church door.

"Mother, dearest," said Audrey, when she and Carrie were sitting on low chairs that night beside their mother, and resting their heads on her lap, "you said that the Knights of St. John were dead over so long ago, and yet I'm quite positive that they were real men and not pictures, for we saw them."

"They are only pictures, though, in the church of St. John," said Mrs. Brooke, "but they are so wonderfully painted, and the shadows behind are so dark, that they make the figures stand right out, and even grown-up people take them for living men. To-morrow we must think of what we can do for the little beggar boy."

BESS'S FRIGHT.

BY L. P.

"COME now, Bess, you go out and play. I have too much to do to see to you just now," said Mrs. Stead, who stood in a cloud of steam, her arms deep in her washtub.

Though her voice did sound a wee bit loud and cross just now, still all the same it was not for want of love to Bess, but the day was so hot, and she had no time to spare.

Mr. and Mrs. Stead had one boy, Ben, and two girls, Grace and Bess.

Their house was an old red brick one, and the roof was of red tiles. There was a nice piece of ground round it, and Stead, who was fond of that kind of work, kept part of it full of nice plants, and in the rest he grew peas and French beans, and things of that kind, which were of some use. He was one of the men at Oak Tree Farm, close by.

Bess went off at once as she was told, and thought she would be glad when she could go to school like Grace and Ben; it was so dull for her to have no one to play with all day long.

As she went down the path she thought, "Dad would say the ground is so hard and dry, some rain would be good for the plants." I know what I'll do; I'll give them some," and off she ran to fill her own can from the large butt which stood at their back door.

She got her feet nice and wet, but she did not mind that. She thought they would soon dry in the hot sun.

When she had done the small plants, the pinks, and the stocks, and the sweet peas, she thought she would see to the rose trees. But they were so tall she could not reach to the top of them.

Ah! there was the old chair Mrs. Stead stood on to fix her clothes line. That would just do for her; she would stand on that.

"There, now, rose trees," she said, when she had done. "When Dad comes home and sees how nice you look, he'll say I was a good girl to see to you."

Bess meant to get down now, but as one leg of the chair stood on a stone, it was not quite firm, and Bess fell off it, and down it came on the top of her. She was not hurt, and got up at once, and set up the chair too.

Now she thought, "What can I do next."

She went out at the gate, through to the field which lay at the side of their house. She had no hat on, but she did not think of that, and the sun shone on her bright fair hair and made it look like gold.

Through this field there ran a stream, and Ben would sit for hours on its banks and fish.

Now and then he caught a few perch and roach, and was so proud of them. Grace and Bess would sit by him and watch him for a short time, and then leave him (for they did not think there was much fun in it,) and go and play.

Bess made her way down to the edge of the stream, and there, at the place where, as a rule, Ben sat or stood, lay his rod and his can.

Bess knew them at once, and she knew that in that tin he kept what he said was "bait," but what she knew quite well were "worms."

She had seen him put them on the hook lots of times, and she thought it was not at all a nice kind of thing to do.

She took hold of the rod and thought she would fish. Lots of times she took it out of the stream, but no, there was no fish on the hook.

Then she said to herself, "Oh! I know now: Ben says you can't catch them if you don't give them some food to eat. But I won't give them worms; I'll try them with a leaf. I dare say they will like it for a change." And she put a leaf on the hook, and once more threw the line in the stream.

All at once there was a bang! bang! whiz! whiz! quite close to Bess's ear. The child gave a start and a cry, and fell down the bank.

Roll, roll she went, till she was just on the brink of the stream, but there, there was a ridge of earth which just kept her safe, but on the top of her head was a wound, and her bright fair hair was red with the blood which came from it.

Poor child! Mrs. Stead was still at her wash-tub. She did not hear her child's cry, but she did hear the sound of the gun, and she said, "There, now; that is Stead on his way home."

Yes, it was Stead. He had no more charge left in his gun, and to see it up he shot at a rook he saw just fly up from the ground to his nest at the top of a tall elm tree.

Then he saw, for the first time, his child on the top of the bank, and the shot must have hit her, for it was she and not the bird that fell. He threw his gun to the ground, and tore to the spot where she had been.

He felt sure she must be in the stream, and if it was so on a fast one it would sweep her down with it, but he found this was not the case, for there she lay close to it, and the great gash in her head. Her eyes were shut, and his first thought was that she must be dead.

"Oh, my child! my child!" he said, as he took her up in his arms, "what have I done to you?"

But the child said not a word, though he could hear her breathe. In haste he took her home and laid her in Mrs. Stead's arms.

"Take off her things at once," he said, "and bathe her head; I did it; I did not see her, and I shot her. I will go now and fetch Dr. Lane."

His eyes were so wild, and his looks so strange, that Mrs. Stead thought he had gone out of his mind, for he did not wait to hear her say a word, but tore out of the house. Mrs. Stead thought she would first of all wash the wound; and when she had done so the child woke up from her swoon, and said, "What have I done?"

"You have hurt your head," said Mrs. Stead; "I must put you to bed and you must be still."

She was soon in bed, and in a short time there was the sound of wheels, and Mrs. Stead saw it was Dr. Lane's gig. Stead brought him in, and he went up to the bedside, and bent down to see the wound. "Just sponge it once more," said he to Mrs. Stead, and she did so.

"Yes, it is a bad wound," he said, "but my good man, it was not done by your shot, it looks like a cut from a sharp piece of stone. Go to the spot where you found her, and see if you could find one that could have done it."

As soon as the man had gone he said to Mrs. Stead, "I must sew it up; you sit by her and hold her hand." And to Bess he said, "will you try to be a brave girl? I won't hurt you more than I can help, and you will soon be well."

She did try, but some tears would come to her eyes, though she did her best to keep them back. But Dr. Lane told her she had been a good brave girl, and this made her feel so glad.

By the time it was done Stead came back with a dead rook in his hand.

"Yes," he said, "there is a bit of rock in the ground just where she fell; and there are marks of blood on it; and here I have found the rook which I must have shot, though in my fear for Bess I did not see it fall."

The next day Bess told them it was the noise of the gun and the whiz of the shots that gave her a start, and made her slide down the bank.

WOMAN.—Give ear, fair daughter of Love, to the instructions of Prudence; and let the precepts of truth sink deep in thine heart; so shall the charms of thy mind add lustre to thy form; and thy beauty, like the rose it resembleth, shall retain its sweetness when its bloom is withered.

In the spring of thy youth, in the morning of thy days, when the eyes of men gaze on thee with delight, and, hear with admiration their alluring words; guard well thy heart, nor listen to their soft solicitations.

Remember thou art made man's reasonable companion, not the slave of his passion, the end of thy being is to assist him in the toils of life, to soothe him with thy tenderness, and recompense his care with soft endearments.

Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast? Lo! yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind, and modesty on her cheek. Her hand seeketh employment; her foot delighteth not in gadding abroad.

WM. PENN.

HAD BEEN CAUGHT BEFORE.—"Save me—save me!" she cried, as her head rose above water, and she grasped a plank floating by.

"I beg your pardon," he replied from the bank, "but I want it to be distinctly understood that I'm a married man with seven children."

"Yes, yes; save me!" she shrieked.

"Then there'll be no falling into my arms and calling me preserver, will there?"

"No, no! Only save me!"

"All right, I'll try," he responded, as he threw off his coat. "You see," he said, just before diving in, "I was caught once before, and that's how I came to be married. It makes me a bit particular."

THE WAY THEY USUALLY SETTLE.—A farmer near Buffalo, who went to the headquarters of a railroad to see about getting damages for a cow he had killed, was urbanely received by the Superintendent, who listened to the details for a while, and then said: "I see: now, you will give the age, weight and color of the cow, then you must prove she was your cow. Then you must have proofs that we killed her. Then more proofs that she was not a trespasser. Then deduct the hide and tallow, employ two good lawyers, and if we can't beat you by taking the case to the Supreme Court, we'll make some sort of settlement—probably allow you half."

A NEW YORKER bought a blue flannel suit for $4. He wore the clothes on Saturday, and his skin was stained by the dye. Nor was that all. On Sunday nervous tremors seized him, and the tremors clearly were due to the dye. He reported the case, and the authorities are putting the cheap cloth to a test.

AN English paper tells a wild tale about an old German who has invented a safe, that, on its lock being tampered with, throws open its doors, seizes and drags in the burglar, and handcuffs and holds him in read ness to be conducted to the police court in the morning.

OPENING THE GATE.

BY A. B.

The glow of the sunrise tints the sky,
The grass is heavy with morning dew,
When Robin lifts the pasture bars
And lets the home-bound cattle through.

Up they pass through the long, green lane,
And Robin, whistling, follows them home,
When down from the farm-house on the hill
He sees the farmer's daughter come.

Sweet Katrine, with the raven hair,
And cheeks as bright as a rose in June,
Bearing a basket of linen to bleach,
Comes gaily singing an old-folk tune.

The lark soars high, and his silvery note
Is borne on the blossom-scented breeze,
And the wild birds' joyous matin song
Rings out from the grove of maple trees.

And Robin opens the gate for her;
"Thank you," she says, in her sweet, low tone.
And they stop for a little while to chat
While the cows go on to the yard alone.

They talk for a little of this and that—
Will the day be clear or will it rain;
Then Katrine goes on with her linen to bleach,
And Robin follows the cows again.

But the little love-god was watching near,
And into each bosom he sent a dart;
And he stole the hearts of the youth and maid,
And linked them fast with his magic art.

Katrine spreads the linen to bleach
In the sunny field on the sweet, high grass,
And dreaming stands, till, the milking o'er,
Up the long, green lane the cattle pass.

But many days must the linen bleach
In the morning dew and summer sun;
And Robin will drive the cattle home
At early dawn and when day is done.

And before the cloth on the grass is white
His heart will tell him what to say;
And the love-god laughs, for a promised bride
Will carry the whitened linen away.

GOOD AND BAD LUCK.

"A black cat came to my house this morning," said a well known gambler to a friend the other day, "and I'm bound to make a win, sure."

"You're in great luck, and I'm glad of it. That infernal Shorty came behind my chair the other day, and 'hoodooed' me and I'm gone broke."

Such is the kind of talk that one hears constantly in gambling circles. For incredulity and superstition your thorough gamblers exceed all other men. They believe in lucky and unlucky days, in lucky and unlucky numbers, in lucky and unlucky clothes, and every chance or passing event is supposed in some way to influence their fortune at cards.

But however black cats and "hoodoos" may influence the fortunes of gamblers, the superstitions of people generally are singularly curious, and seem so deeply rooted as to be ineradicable. Even the most intelligent and persons have one or more superstitions which they mention only to laugh at, but still fondly cherish. It is, in fact, a feature of our social life not altogether unworthy of study. From the cradle to the grave we are beset on all sides by signs and portents and omens. At the very threshold of life we are told that to be born with a caul is lucky. Readers of "David Copperfield" will remember that he was born with a caul. A child born Christmas day will be able to see spirits.

Children with much down upon their arms or hands are bound to be rich, while a child that does not cry at baptism is too good to live. If several children are baptized together, and the girls are taken to the font before the boys, the boys will have no beards when they are men. If a child's finger nails are cut before it is a year old it will live to be a thief. If your cheek burns somebody is talking scandal of you. If you hear a singing in your right ear somebody is praising you, while if it is in your left ear somebody is abusing you. You can punish this evil speaker by biting your little finger sharply. In so doing you bite his evil tongue. To pick up a pin with the head towards you; or find an old horseshoe or a four-leaf clover, will surely bring you good luck.

It is not pleasant to stumble up stairs, but if you do it is some consolation to know that you will not only have good luck yourself, but that a wedding will take place in the house inside of a year. A maiden who has bad luck at cards will be sure to have a good husband and will play the game of life successfully. "Happy the bride the sun shines on," is a saying so old that people really believe it, the record of the divorce court to the contrary notwithstanding. For it cannot be true that the divorcees were all married in rainy weather.

Trouble will never come near folks whose eyebrows meet; and, while a lady's moustache is a perplexing and an annoying thing, there is some consolation to the possessor in knowing that it is nature's own guarantee that she is to be rich some day. It is a sure sign that some kind-hearted soul is laying up money for you if your keys or pocketknife or any of your steel belongings get rusty.

If you wish to keep your luck you must be sure not to let your feather bed be turned on Sunday, and you must refrain from killing the innocent little cricket on the hearth, for crickets bring luck to house.

There has always been a widespread tendency to believe in lucky numbers. Even numbers are said to be unlucky because they can be divided, thereby denoting death and dissolution. The number seven is considered a lucky number, because a human being sheds its teeth at seven, becomes a youth at twice seven, a man at three times seven and reaches his grand climacteric at nine times seven. Careful farmer's wives will never set a hen on an even number of eggs, because a hen is too superstitious to hatch out an even number. Three is also a lucky number, and to sit at a three-sided table is a sure harbinger of fortune.

In the lives of all successful men there has undoubtedly been a large element of chance or luck, but if the matter be carefully looked at, it will be found that they had the ability or resources to profit by what chance had brought to them.

Says a contemporary: Along the highway of life we meet or pass by many a traveler who, from one cause or another, finds the road difficult. Some upon the road are in chariots and others on horseback, but many are afoot. One has miscalculated his strength for the budget he has essayed to carry, and is almost sinking under it. Another has slipped a shoe, and his steps, though continuing, are made in pain. Another has, mayhap, been set upon by highwaymen, or been wasted by unexpected storm, or shared his provisions too gongerously with others, so that his supply has become exhausted. All these faltering ones may only need a temporary lift by the way to enable them to proceed and, mayhap, to achieve a successful journey. Many a worthy pedestrian on life's road has, by some disappointment, some miscalculation, some misplaced confidence, some domestic infelicity, some crushing sorrow, some physical ill, been crippled for the time being. Good madam in your chariot, good sir in your saddle, or even you, stronger walker, lend a hand to the limping one!

Grains of Gold.

Nothing is more terrible than active ignorance.

Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent.

When a heart is full of errors there is no room for the truth.

Genuine benevolence is not stationary; it goeth about doing good.

Simplicity of character is the natural result of profound thought.

Every single action of our life carries in its train either a reward or punishment.

In prayer it is better to have a heart without words than words without a heart.

When a rich Quaker was asked the secret of his success in life, he answered: "Civility, friend, civility."

To secure a contented spirit, measure your desires by your fortunes, and not your fortunes by your desires.

He whose only claim to the title "gentleman" is in his clothes, must necessarily be careful as to what he wears.

A charitable disposition expects only opportunity, not importunity, to do good, and will succor upon slight entreaty.

Were we determined resolutely to avoid vices, the world foists them on us—as thieves put off their plunder on the guiltless.

If you do not censure till you have heard both sides you will have much less to regret, and your opinion will be worth more.

If doing what ought to be done be made the first business, and success a secondary consideration, is not this the way to exalt virtue?

Fishermen, in order to handle eels securely, first cover them with dirt. In like manner does detraction strive to grasp excellence.

The highest point outward things can bring unto is the contentment of the mind, with which no estate can be poor; without which all estates would be miserable.

Femininities.

Who ever saw a stuttering woman?

To find out how old a lady is, ask some other lady.

Feelings of hatred are the house in which the devil lives.

The society girl now carries her head craned forward.

Never want anything you can't get, and you will always get all you want.

Hiawatha, Kansas, has a young lady who watches over 15,000 silk worms.

There are no greater prudes than those women who have some secret to hide.

A Boston grammar school miss recently defined "sinister" as a "female sinner."

The cardinal virtues of cookery are cleanliness, frugality, nourishment and palatableness.

After sleepless nights or excessive exercise do not bathe unless you first rest a few hours.

There are 1,012 unmarried women laboring zealously for the heathen in foreign mission fields.

Three things not easily done: To allay thirst with fire, to dry wet with water, and to please all in everything that is done.

If you want your neighbors to "know all about you," give a party and don't invite the folks "who live next door."

"I declare," said Mrs. Spinkinwither, "what a gadder Mrs. Snickerson is! I never go on the street without seeing her!"

Follow the counsel of no one who always knows how it is done and never did it. It is much better to do well than to say well.

A Camden lady has become so accustomed to watering her flowers that she was out with her watering pot in the rain recently sheltered by an umbrella.

A curious hat worn by an Englishwoman was one of quaint shape, thatched with twigs. Among the twigs a crowd of swallows disported themselves.

"Now, children," said a country mother, who was going out, "be real good while I'm away, and be sure you don't go near the churn where I hid them nut cakes."

"What possesses you, my dear, who have such an excellent husband, to make him angry so often?" "Because he always brings me a present to make peace again."

The young lady who made 700 words out of "conservatory" last autumn has run away from home. Her mother wanted her to make three loaves of bread out of flour.

A woman whose age was stated to be 102 years was before the Harlem police court, N. Y., for drunkenness recently, and she is said to be an old offender in a double sense.

An hour's sewing soothes a woman's nerves. She sews all her little irritations into the seams, imprisons her fancied wrongs into the double gussets, or slays them in the gores.

A local belle of Coleman, Texas, recently stepped on her partner's foot at a dance and smashed his toes so badly that inflammation set in and he had to have two of them amputated.

"Isn't there anything you would rather have than a dish of cream?" he asked, as they emerged from the theatre. "Yes, George; two dishes of ice cream," she murmured softly.

To prevent polished steel from rusting, after cleaning and when not in use take a cloth, with a very little sweet oil on it, and wipe the articles over so as to slightly but evenly oil the surface.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up do not forcibly open them, but apply saliva with the finger; it is the speediest dilutant in the world; then wash your eyes and face in warm water.

The lover who writes the sweetest valentine poetry before marriage doesn't always make the sort of husband who will bring up coal and soothe wailing twins five years after the wedding day.

It is very easy to start false reports. Just because a woman, while buying a broom, wanted one with a heavy and strong handle, it was reported by all the neighbors that she was in the habit of beating her husband.

Hazel is a very difficult color to determine, there are so many different varieties. As a general rule eyes of this color suggest a good deal of strength of character, and generally a sense of mischief and trickery.

My 4-year-old boy remarked confidentially to the cook the other day that he "would hate to be a chicken." "Why, Bob?" she asked. "'Cause I would have to lay eggs, and I don't know how," was the response.

What could the woman have meant who, when the doctor told her that her husband was dying and that she had better send for a minister, asked: "Will one be enough, doctor, or would you advise a consultation?"

Wife: "I don't see why women want to wear high hats, anyhow." Husband: "Neither do I, my dear." Wife: "Yes; it's perfectly senseless. They don't cost a bit more than the others, and some of them not nearly so much."

In the reign of Edward IV., in England, a law was passed forbidding common laborers and servants and their wives to wear clothes costing more than two shillings a yard. Another law was passed forbidding wives to get their veils and handkerchiefs too fine.

The world takes knowledge of its great men, and people crowd each other to do them honor, without ever stopping to inquire the secret of their greatness. But when the good Lord makes up the choice jewels of his crown many mothers will be called for from quiet and humble homes, of whom the world has never heard.

Masculinities.

Spend less than you earn and you will be rich.

Happiness is not perfected until it is shared.

One may do without mankind, but one has need of a friend.

If you are in a passion shut your mouth, for words increase it.

'Tis ever common that men are merriest when they are from home.

After meals, and especially after taking alcoholic liquors, do not bathe.

Many men are good in intentions, but unhappy in their applications.

The women will be interested to know that the bustle is of Persian origin.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.

If all men would pay as they go, there would be less going and more paying.

The dude is not as useless as some people try to make out. He is an excellent warning.

The Prince of Wales is referred to in one of the London papers as "the fat little bald man."

No sane girl ever burns a love letter, and we would like to add that no sane man ever writes one.

A vicar in England has greatly distinguished himself by refusing to baptize a child named "Jubilee."

Fried shrimps and grasshoppers are sold in the markets of Mexico. Each are cooked whole and eaten so.

"Choosing a wife." Sir Thomas More's father used to say, was like trying "to catch an eel in a sackful of snakes."

Three warnings from the grave: "Thou knowest what I was; thou seest what I am; remember what thou art to be."

He: "Dearest, if I had known that this tunnel was so long, I'd have given you a jolly hug." She: "Didn't you? Why, somebody did!"

There were no dyers in England till 1472, when Edward III. incorporated a society of them in London, bringing them from Flanders.

Glass may be cut with any hard tool—like a chisel, for instance—if kept constantly wet with camphor dissolved in spirits of turpentine.

Married folks would be happier if they tried to be as agreeable as in courting days, and if they kissed and made up at once after every quarrel.

When a peach tree has more fruit than it can ripen, it quietly drops the weakest, as a man should drop his bad habits in order to ripen the good.

If you are homely, console yourself by thinking that there is one time when you are the best-looking man in the crowd. That is when you are alone.

The author of "Home, Sweet Home," never had a home; and George Macdonald, who has 11 children, is the author of "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood."

In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail, but later on, when the youth gets into business for himself, then the word shows up in good shape.

The base fellow sees in anyone, whatever the excellencies, only the defects and faults. A swine notices only the mud and mire in the pond that bears the lotus.

Bishop Emery, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, wants some colored angels painted in pictures. He says the angels have been painted white long enough.

Prince William, oldest son of the German Crown Prince, has one arm unsymmetrical with the other, a deformity which is carefully concealed by the tailor's art.

There is a Yankee in an Illinois town who plants a sunflower seed in every hill of beans. The stalk serves for a bean pole, while the seed is utilized for chicken feed.

A six year old Chicago boy, whose father is a musician, was very restless and couldn't go to sleep. Finally, as a last resort, he called out: "Papa, please play your cornet; that always makes me tired."

Lightning knocked over three men who were sitting on a box in front of a grocery store in Paterson, N. J. One of them was knocked senseless. The other two exclaimed: "Loggo! I'm coming right home!"

A car driver in Detroit lately gave some of his male riders a lesson in courtesy by vacating his stool and giving it to a woman who, though carrying a child, had been permitted by several men occupying seats to stand.

The Rev. W. A. Smith, Methodist minister in charge of the Etowah Circuit, Ga., has a wife and five children and a salary of $200. He has the privilege of working a corn patch, but frequently trudges 15 miles and more on circuit.

A lady was lamenting the ill-fortune which attended her affairs, when a friend, wishing to console her, bade her look upon the bright side. "Oh!" she sighed, "there seems to be no bright side." "Then polish up the dark one!" was the quick reply.

A twelve-year old lad, of Sag Harbor, Me., daily sits down to the table with his father and mother, grandfather and grandmother, and great-grandfather and two great-grandmothers. The little fellow has a hunted look and dodges at every word that is spoken.

The first omnibus in New York commenced running in 1830. It had the word "omnibus" painted in large letters on both sides, and was a puzzle to most pedestrians, who pronounced it variously. The name was generally supposed to be that of the owner.

Recent Book Issues.

The latest issue of Ticknor's Paper Series is "The Duchess Emilia," by Barrett Wendell. It is a vivid picture of life in Rome, amid the noble homes and legend-haunted halls of the Colonna family, written in good style, and unfolding a profound psychological problem with simplicity and dignity. Ticknor & Co., publishers, Boston. Price, 50 cents.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The *English Illustrated Magazine*, for July, has for its chief attraction the opening chapters of a new novel by F. Marion Crawford, entitled "Marzio's Crucifix." "Walks in the Wheatfields," is the title of a new series of papers dealing with English rural scenes and the people who toil in them. There are five illustrations. "The Private Journal of a French Mariner," and "Old Hook and Crook," are two excellent illustrated articles. Mr. Farjeon's "A Secret Inheritance" is continued. The number is of marked interest and attractiveness. Messrs. Macmillan & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

The Quiver for August opens with a paper on "The Gospel in Paris," by the Rev. William Burnet. "Small Beginnings" form the subject of a paper by the Rev. Prof. Blaikie. An interesting article describes with pen and pencil the "Rose Windows" in the famous cathedrals of the old world. "How God Preserved the Bible," is a learned paper by the Dean of Canterbury. Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, has an article on "Divining Rods, Ancient Modern." The two serials, "By the Waters of Babylon," and "My Brother Basil," continue in interest, and besides these there are short stories and poetry and pictures and everything to make a model magazine for Sunday reading. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York. 15 cents a number; $1.50 a year.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art*, for August, is a photo-gravure from a painting "Here's Your Health," by Jose Domingo. The opening paper is on "current art," and reproduces to the readers' delectation a number of the more conspicuous pictures recently on exhibition in London. Farnley Hall is given considerable space on account of the genius, Turner, and his masterpieces. "By-ways of Book Illustration," and another on "Art Patrons," goes back to Remeses II., of Egypt. The first of a series of papers on "The Salon," is given with illustrations from the more important pictures. Harry Furniss contributes some amusing "Random Reminiscences of a Special Artist," capitally illustrated by himself. Other articles of value, and a copious supply of art notes bring the number to a close. Cassell & Co., New York, publishers. 35 cents a number. $3.50 a year.

The August number of *Cassell's Family Magazine* is a particularly interesting one. The serial "Vere Thornleigh's Inheritance" is concluded. "The Merchant Service as a Profession," is intelligently discussed, and then to bring us down from contemplating the practical, we are given a little poem on "Blue Roses," by George Weatherly. "The Tonic Sol-Fa" system of teaching music, and an account of the college where it has its headquarters, are discussed. Then we are treated to a Japanese love story illustrated in the graphic manner of the Japanese artist. "Funds 'In Chancery,'" is the title of a paper that cannot fail to be of interest to all who make claim to disputed estates. There is a chat about "wigs," and some practical talk on heart disease by the "family doctor," the latest hints on fashion from well-informed correspondents in London and Paris are to be found. Poetry and fiction abound, and what will interest thousands of readers. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York. 15 cents a copy.

PRAISE.—

The love of praise, how'er concealed by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows in every heart.

How many obtain praise without deserving it, and how many deserve it without obtaining it! The love of praise stimulates us to the boldest endeavors and most fearless attempts. Its peculiarity is that the less we deserve it the more we strive for it, and the greater sacrifices we make for it. An unprincipled, unscrupulous man will use every artifice, practice every deception, and affect every virtue, to gain praise and the advantages to which it leads. But an honest, modest man will be satisfied in deserving praise without receiving it, and is content for his actions to speak for themselves. The love of praise should be preserved under proper subordination to the principles of duty. In itself it is a useful motive to action, but when extended too far in its influence it produces guilt, disgrace and misery; to be entirely destitute of it is a defect. The proper adjustment of our principles of action and desires to what is honorable and elevating, and conducive to our happiness and contentment, should always command our vigilance and attention. Nothing can be more amiable than a constant desire to please, and an unwillingness to offend or hurt.

W. G. L.

A CONNECTICUT postmaster has received—from some enemy of his, doubtless—a letter addressed: "Please hand to the most beautiful and intelligent young lady in New Haven, from eighteen to twenty-four years old, and who moves in best society, unopened." He meets the emergency by proclaiming that the owner can have it upon application.

The Secret Society.

DON'T you think old maids are lovely, Nell? I've just been over to see Aunt Hannah Prescott, and we had such a charming little tea, drinking out of those tiny old-fashioned cups that were her mother's. Then she has the dearest old Maltese cat. He came up to me and purred himself to sleep in my lap."

"I fancy you will be an old maid, Jo," said Nell. "You like cats well enough, and they say that is a sure sign. Old maids are not all nice like Aunt Hannah, though. There's old Nancy Hutchings. I just hate to look at her. She finds fault with everybody. The minister's sermons are not spiritual enough, and his wife wears too bright ribbon on her bonnet. Old Squire Weston don't pay half as much towards the church as he ought to; and the frivolity of the young people of this unhappy village is truly deplorable."

"Well, Nell," said I, "we will be Aunt Hannahs, and let the Nancys go. Now I have a plan to propose. You know we always liked to write compositions, and you can write poetry, too. Don't you remember your little poem on June?"

"Oh, it was such a silly thing!"

"That's all very well for you to say; but Professor Brown pronounced it a little gem. What I want to propose is this: that we have a secret society, just we two, and call it the O. M. S. S.—the Old Maids Secret Society. We'll make it literary, of course. Give each other subjects to write upon and criticise, and learn all we can. But each member must solemnly promise never to marry. Can you do that, Nell?"

"Of course it is easy enough for me to do," said Nell, looking down sorrowfully at the little crutch by her side. "Nobody would want a lame wife. But the idea of such a flirt as you founding an old maid's society! Why, you'll be a case of discipline before the society all the time, and disgrace us by breaking all your vows, and marrying before two years. Now, there's Charlie Ogden, Jim Goodrich, and Frank Perley—three, to my certain knowledge——"

"Oh, stuff! Charlie's only a boy, and Jim is so awkward and old-fashioned. Then haven't you heard about Frank? He is going to college in September—going to be a minister, they say—so that settles him. No, Nell, I don't want anybody but you, and I love you all the more because you are lame. You are just as graceful as you can be with your little crutch. Marrying is all a lottery."

Thus we talked on for an hour or more, and decided that those poor deluded mortals who joined themselves in wedlock ran great risks of forfeiting their future happiness. And to help revolutionize the world, the O. M. S. S. was at once duly organized.

I was seventeen, and Nell a year older. We had just graduated at the high school, and, I think, felt older than most people do at forty.

"Do you suppose your sister Etta would join the O. M. S. S.?" said Nell to me one day.

"Hardly," replied I. "She likes to write well enough, but the vow, you know. And we've always believed that she was foreordained to be a minister's wife; she has every needful qualification."

"The minister doesn't seem to be forthcoming, though," said Nell.

"Oh, he will be an old widower, of course," said I. "Probably his first wife isn't dead yet."

Much to our surprise, when we told Etta about the O. M. S. S., she consented to join us, though I have always thought that she must have made a slight mental reservation in favor of the long-prophesied minister when she took upon herself our solemn vow.

That winter we three went to the city. Etta studied music, Nell painted, and I took French and German lessons. We worked hard, but had a holiday now and then.

Occasionally we went to an art exhibition, a concert or a lecture, and as each in turn was duly appointed secretary of the O. M. S. S., all our doings were most carefully recorded.

While there we became acquainted with Bessie Kelsey. She always went into the country during the summer, and we told her so much about our charming lake and mountains that she persuaded her father to send her up to Merton in June.

Nell said Bess must be an O. M., of course, but I hesitated.

"She is too pretty and sweet ever to be able to keep such a vow as ours," I said.

Finally, however, Bess was initiated, with suitable ceremonies. She proved to be quite a botanist; so we scoured the woods for flowers, and studied all about them, while Nell painted some of the prettiest ones.

Bess stayed with us until late in the autumn, collecting all the different kinds of golden-rod.

After she went home, she told us why she did so. She thought she would write an article on what she knew about golden-rod, and send it to a paper. Of course they wouldn't publish it; but, to her great joy, the article was accepted.

How proud we were of that new member! How glad that we had taken her in to be such an honor to the society! Her success was an inspiration to Nell and me. Etta didn't have much time for writing, poor girl!

How busy she was, with her music pupils, choir rehearsals, Sunday-school class, missionary society and church meetings!

First, very slyly, we sent some of Nell's poems to the papers and magazines, and watched for their coming out.

I had no sentiment in me, so could not write poetry or love stories, but amused myself by writing up all funny little things that I had ever seen or heard, and by occasionally contributing a marvellous cat story to the children's corner of some periodical.

The next year I took "a truly outward bound into the great world," as Nell expressed it. One of my old teachers was principal of a young ladies' school in Bath; there was a vacancy and she thought of me. I was wild with delight, for I had long cherished a secret ambition to become a teacher.

Of course the O. M.'s were inconsolable at first, but I persuaded them that a Bath branch was just what the society needed, and promised to send long letters every week, giving a faithful account of all that I saw and heard.

In the early spring came the first shock to the O. M. S. S. Nell wrote me about it. Bessie Kelsey was going to marry a young missionary, and sail for India in the autumn.

It was just as I had expected. Bess was so lovely, of course he couldn't help falling in love with her. But why must he take her to the ends of the earth?

On my arrival home, I voted for expelling Bess from the society, and sending her a letter of dismissal immediately, but Nell said—

"Oh, Jo, it is such a grand and noble thing for them to give up all their friends, and all the comforts of home to go to that benighted land and carry the Gospel to the poor heathen!"

So the letter didn't go, but Bess came up to make us a farewell visit.

She was so devoted to her Theodore, and so enthusiastic over her work, that we forgave her heartily, and gave her a little silver vase, with the inscription, "To Bess. From the O. M. S. S."

Near the close of my second school year a great grief came to me. My mother wrote about it, for Etta couldn't believe that Nell was going to die.

I hurried home, to find her scarcely more than the shadow of her former self.

And the night soon came when our Nell went to sleep with a sweet smile upon her lips, and woke up in heaven.

Two years passed. Meanwhile our minister, poor man, had lost his wife and five little motherless children were left to his care.

What to do with them he didn't know, so they just ran wild.

The sisters in the church all said that Etta was just fitted to be his wife, and I saw from the first how it would be.

I believe she thought it was her duty, so she became the spouse of the Reverend Jonathan Saunders.

As I was now all that was left of the famous O. M. S. S., I felt that I must do something to make for myself a name worthy of its illustrious founder.

So I decided to go abroad, to travel and study for a while, then come home and establish somewhere a school of my own.

I was spending the winter in Florence. I hardly know how it happened; I never intended that it should be so, for I was fully determined to be a faithful O. M. to the end of the chapter; but while there I became acquainted with a professor from Cambridge.

Leave of absence had been granted him for the year, and he was spending his time in travel and study like myself. His name was Henry Stanton.

"Oh!" exclaimed in one breath, Ethel and Clare, who had been all the time listening to my story: "that was papa!"

"And here he is coming up the walk now," said I, putting an arm around each of my beautiful step-daughters.

Alas! Alas, for the O. M. S. S!

EVERY day and hour we are sowing the seeds of character, which one day will astonish even ourselves by blossoming forth in actions of which we had not supposed ourselves capable.

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Humorous.

WHO IT IS.

Who taught my wife her little tricks?
Who makes me hustle the coal and sticks?
Who my duty doth explain?
Who proved to me my lack of brain?
My mother-in-law.

Who makes me wish that I had died
Long ere I met my long-time bride?
Who prescribes the dose of salts?
Who tells me of my many faults?
My mother-in-law.

Who is it says "My girl came down
To marry you, you ugly clown?"
Who is it rings the chestnut bell
When I a good old-timer tell?
My mother-in-law.

Who makes me get up on my ear
And drives me from my ducky dear
To where they head the amber beer?
To you, my friend, I make it clear—
My mother-in-law!

—U. N. Nosk.

Operators in wool—Moths.

Old as the hills—the valleys.

Joint education—Gymnastics.

Persons who can take a man down—Reporters.

A woman's most eloquent speech is, "I love you!" A man's is, "Come and take something, boys!"

A thrifty housewife thinks that men ought to be useful. They might as well be smoking hams as cigars.

Jim Jammes, waking with a terrific headache: "Great Scott! I must have had a lot of fun yesterday."

Isn't it strange that a rooster should crow, and a crow should hawk, and a hawk should fly, and a fly should fly?

Small boy: "Wot's the matter, Jimmy? Has yer heard any bad news?" Jimmy, mournfully: "Yes; father is laying in a lot of cord wood."

A man takes pride in saying he has a mind of his own, and yet when he is angry he takes pleasure in giving somebody else a piece of it.

Somebody proposes to propel railway trains at the rate of 100 miles an hour by electricity. They might well be called lightning expressers.

A certain clergyman who preached in a prison not many Sundays ago, began his discourse with: "My friends, I am glad to see so many of you here this morning."

A wet handkerchief or a cabbage leaf inside a man's hat in these sweltering days may be pardoned, but the housewife draws the line when he comes home with a brick in it.

"Johnny," inquired his aunt, "what do you like best of all?" "Candy," replied Johnny. "And what after that?" inquired his aunt. "More candy," replied Johnny, after a moment's deliberation.

Little Nellie, aged 3, on omitting her father in her prayer, was told to pray for papa as usual, and refused. Her mother insisting, Nellie said petulantly: "Well, do bless papa, for pity's sake."

"Talk of mothers-in-law and sons-in-law not agreeing," remarked Titmarsh, "my mother-in-law and I agree. She says I ought never to have married her daughter and I coincide with her."

Mamma, to Walter, who has just returned from his first experience with a fishing rod: "What, back so soon?" Walter: "Yes, 'm; I thought I'd come home. The worms were so nervous I couldn't get 'em on the hooks."

"Did you tell my wife," inquired the sick man of the lawyer, "that I have made my will and left her everything?" "Yes." "What did she say?" "She cried a little, and asked me about how much the property is worth." And so the undertaker lost a job.

"I can't come now, maw," said the high school girl, when her mother called her to assist in some household duties; "I want to finish reading 'The Model Daughter,' and then I must commence work on my graduating essay, 'The Duty Children Owe to Their Parents.'"

The other day Mrs Sulpkins, being unwell, sent for a medical man and declared that she was poisoned, and that Mr. Sulpkins did it. "I didn't do it!" shouted Sulpkins; "it's all gammon; she isn't poisoned. Prove it, doctor; open her on the spot; I've no objections."

Tardy lover: "Look at those two birds, Maria. What a chattering they keep up around the door of that rustic bird house! It is charmingly rural, isn't it?" Tired-waiting Maria: "Yes!" "What can they be saying to each other, dear?" "Saying, 'Let us get married and keep house.'"

"Speaking of Charley," said Frank, "there is one thing about him I like; when he says a thing you can always depend upon him." "I thought," ventured Thomas, "that Charley was not particularly noted for truthfulness." "That's just it," replied Frank, "when he says a think you know he's lying, and therefore know just what to depend upon."

Gruff man: "Well, like all the rest of us, you married an angel, of course?" Young husband: "She is not an angel in one respect, but she is in another." "Found that out, eh?" "Yes; angels don't wear $25 bonnets. She does." "Oh! But she is an angel in one respect, you think?" "Yes; angels can't cook. Neither can she."

Mrs. Smith was calling on Mrs. Brown, when a sudden storm came up. "I declare," said Mrs. Smith, "it's too provoking. I haven't any rubbers with me, and my shoes are thin." "I can lend you a thick pair of my own, if you think you can wear them," suggested Mrs. Brown. "Oh, thanks! You're very kind. I believe I will avail myself of your offer. I don't think they will be much too large."

THE EXILE OF VEGETABLES.—Of all the flavoring substances used in cookery, the onion is, after salt, perhaps the most valuable, and, as many a housekeeper can give testimony, when cunningly concealed in the sauce or ragout or soup, it yields enjoyment even to those who would carefully put it from them if they saw it, in their abhorrence of everything pertaining to the garlic tribe.

There is no doubt that this latter is most valuable food in a hot climate, especially when eaten raw. We remember reading in a book called, "Angola and the River Congo," that the author never traveled without a supply of garlic, whose beneficial results on the stomach and system were most marked.

"When very hungry and fatigued," he says, "I have found nothing to equal a few pieces of raw garlic, eaten with a crust of bread or a biscuit, for producing, a few minutes after, a delightful sensation of repose, and that feeling of the stomach being ready to receive food, generally absent when excessive emptiness or exhaustion is the case."

Very odd contradictions in regard to this vegetable arise; for example, Henry of Navarre had his lips rubbed the moment he was born with a clove of garlic, a time-honored custom in his native land. On the other hand, garlic was forbidden by statute of Alonzo XI. to his Knights, and Don Quixote cautioned Sancho Panza to beware of the garlic which the King of France had rubbed upon his infant's gums on his entrance into this world.

To the native taste the pronounced flavor of garlic is insupportable, and the odor of it, while it has been called the "violet of vegetables," is anything but a delectable perfume.

Still, people have mourned for it; for example, the Hebrews, in their wanderings toward the promised land, complained to Moses of the want of the leek and the garlic, which they informed him they remembered; or, as the poet says, "The Hebrews gave Moses to understand that the scent of the onion hung around them still."

THIRTEEN MISTAKES.—To yield to immaterial trifles.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

To endeavor to mould all dispositions alike.

To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To measure the enjoyment of others by our own.

To expect to be able to understand everything.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

To look for judgment and experience in youth.

Not to make allowances for the infirmities of others.

To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied.

To consider everything impossible that we cannot perform.

Not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power.

It is a great mistake to set up your own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly.

POLITENESS.—In cases of what old-fashioned school-mistresses call "manners," cultivate civility and good-nature, be polite to the rudest boor you meet. Your own politeness may often be met with slight or rudeness, but that need not trouble you. If you are guilty of impertinence, and receive it for tat, then, indeed, you may wince, not otherwise. The feeling often seems to be: "Such a one has been insolent to me; I will show him that I will not submit to such treatment—that I can be as careless of his feelings as he is of mine." This is very foolish. You only lower yourself, and, very likely, produce no effect upon him; because ill-bred people are generally endowed with feelings about as delicate and sensitive as the hide of an elderly rhinoceros. Besides, if his insolence is *malice prepense*, and he wants to sting you, how better could you baffle him than by showing your usual suavity and polite consideration of him, thus proving yourself unwounded?

M. S.

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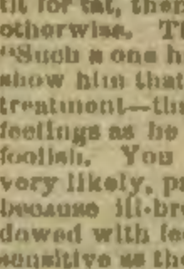

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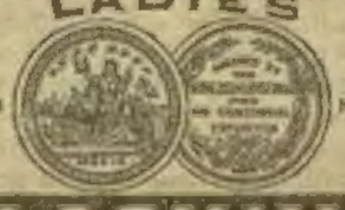

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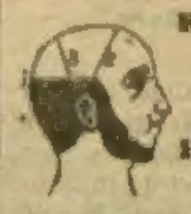

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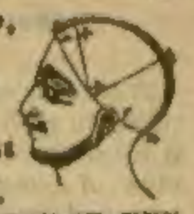

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Latest Fashion Phases.

If there is one event more than another in life in which we would desire good luck it would be for weddings; and the new idea of being married in white muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, is said to be lucky.

Many young brides are choosing such wedding gowns, and wearing tulle bonnets with them, having a handsome white silk or satin evening gown included in the trousseau.

A pretty heliotrope tulle drawn bonnet had the brim quite covered over with forget-me-nots. A hat of the sailor form had the crown hidden with closely pleated lace, and bows of ribbon above.

These are distinctive styles; so are the new pocket-handkerchiefs, with seven or eight rows of hemstitching for borders, and Valenciennes lace below.

There is no lack of weddings at present, and pretty gowns for a trousseau; and novel materials for draperies, among them light pink tulle covered with pink bead drops; woolen gowns over silk, and many of them have a wide silk box-pleating at the hem, pinked out at the edge. The bridesmaids' dresses illustrate this style.

They are made of fine white woolen stuff, draped over white silk, with a silk pleating, showing and keeping the hems well out.

The draperies were long and simple. The skirts were laced up the side, and had frou-frous of lace in front, and the same on the bodice.

A simple but stylish dinner gown was made of cream woolen gauze, with silk stripes of a heliotrope tone. The long draperies had lace and bows on one side, and lace only on the other, and the bodice had a fall of lace from the neck.

It was made in a new fashion, with the side pieces carried up to the shoulder, and the two centre pieces arranged so that the stripes formed a series of points.

A morning dress was of much the same shade of heliotrope, but in a soft striped woolen fabric, which is fashionable now, and silky in appearance; it had heliotrope velvet cuffs and collar, and revers on the bodice.

It was almost as pretty, but not quite so, as a fawn embroidered cashmere, the bodice and skirt exquisitely wrought in silk, and beads of the same tone as the material—a fashionable style now.

A foulard of a navy-blue tone had a large design over it of broken circles, printed in white; it had collar and cuffs of navy-blue velvet, and a white foulard front.

Among tailor-made costumes are the following: The soft biscuit Vienna, with a peculiar rayed stripe interwoven; this being used for the bodice and long draperies, opening at the side over a petticoat of plain dark-brown cloth; the same is also adopted as a front to the bodice, which is arranged to simulate a gentleman's waistcoat. The buttons are of a clear polished horn, in a shade to match the cloth.

The second costume is made of a Melton cloth of a specially fine texture, adapted for summer wear, and yet sufficiently close to preserve the smoothness for which this make of cloth is renowned.

One of the new heliotrope tints is combined with velvet of a darker shade, which is used as graduated folds at the side of the skirt, and also for a narrow vest and undercuff to the bodice.

An embroidery of fine cord in steel and heliotrope is used on either side of the vest, and appears also on the wide pleats of the skirt, except where they are concealed under the long drapery, which is folded away from left to right side, reaching quite to the lower edge of the skirt.

A stylish walking costume is a soft camel's hair, in the new blue-gray tint, which is to be fashionable this season, and in which is to be introduced a silk fibre of lighter shade, forming a check. The gown is cut with a dainty little coat bodice, showing a waistcoat of cream cloth, and a small butterfly belt of silk at the waist.

Silk is also used to line the long point draperies, where they are turned back to reveal a full fold of the cream cloth on the side of the skirt.

The buttons are of gray pearl, embossed with silver, and blend charmingly with the shade of the cloth. A pretty little jacket of the same material is made to wear with this simple gown.

Among the new fashions are some pretty gowns, the chief being made of either striped red and gray tweed, with loose front and jabot back, or rough fawn cloth with lines of brown braid and dark brown velvet collar and cuffs; light gray tweed, with full drapery caught up on the left side with a clasp to the bodice, which was short, with sets of tabs in the back and front, in three rows, the centre one being of bronze velvet.

Heliotrope seems to be much used, and a costume of this had a long pointed skirt draperies, with wide pleats handsomely braided in the same shade and gold.

The bonnet had a braided crown with large ribbon loops of two shades in the front and white osprey, the front a coronet-shaped rim bound with velvet, a slash on the left side and bows between. Even the sunshade matched, being braided on one gore to match the skirt of the dress.

The bodice was braided at the top to form a turned down collar, the stand-up collar and cuffs being of velvet with tabs of braid.

A mantelette was of fancy tweed, with sling-top of brown velvet and gold braid, long pointed ends in front, finished with velvet bows, while the back was quite short, and finished with large velvet bows.

The coats were nearly all plain, although a few were beautifully braided. A loose-fitting coat of pale gray with hip pockets was becoming, and amongst the braided ones may be mentioned a navy-blue, with navy and gold braiding, in military style, introducing a vest from the bust, and a little braid at the back.

The millinery is quite different from what has been worn. One hat was made of bright Lincoln green velvet, drawn up over the crown on the right side, where a rim wide enough to meet it was finished at the top with high trimmings of green ribbons and fine black lace.

Another stylish hat was made of green, fawn, and white check, bind of bronze velvet, lined with fawn silk; the brim on the left side nearly reached the crown, and turned over at one corner, while the other side was narrow, and the front finished off with three quills.

The bonnets were made to match the dresses, the crown being of tweed, folds of velvet on the left side, and on the right bows of ribbon, having a tortoise-shell and jet pin run through both.

In many of the new costumes now exhibited there is a skilful suggestion of an under robe supplied in material richer than that used for the remainder of the dress.

This is shown at the edge of the skirt by means of a quille, a small panel, or a revers, and it is implied below the waist by detaching from the latter a portion of the drapery to permit a glimpse of silk or velvet, which is again made apparent from under the sleeve cuffs.

Another idea is to line the drapery with a color than corresponds with some line, check, or spot predominating on its surface, and to let this be well turned back over the front and sides of the folded petticoat.

Some of the new waistcoats are particularly tasteful. They are, like the collars and cuffs, frequently shown in a cloth paler than that used for the remainder of the costume, and abundantly decorated with a narrow fancy braid of feathery proclivities, with a centre thread of gold or silver.

Many of the turned back lappels have a narrow bordering or binding of velvet, and carried, as they frequently are, down each side of the waistcoat. One alone is often taken across from one side to the other, or else they will together form an X just below the waist line.

Odds and Ends.

ABOUT THE ART OF PACKING.

(Concluded.)

Next in order come rather lighter articles—dressing-gown, plain skirts, and such like; but these large articles cannot be squeezed into corners, they must be as far as possible spread out flat, and this involves leaving the sides and corners vacant, making convenient niches for sponge bags, scent-bottles, workcase and shoes.

It is a great convenience to have several holland shoe-bags, each to hold one pair; in travelling it not unfrequently happens that one has to pack boots without cleaning, in any case they must be covered in some way, and the device of wrapping them in paper is both inconvenient and untidy. Bags are very little trouble to make, and add much to one's comfort in travelling.

By the end of a tour, or a sojourn by the sea, one has generally collected a number of fragile treasures, the packing of which without breaking is a difficult and anxious task. If small enough, they can be greatly protected by being stowed inside the boots, the stiff leather of which forms a shield round them. They must be well wrapped up first, but if this is carefully done, the most delicate articles can be safely carried even in a very tightly packed valise.

We next come to dresses, the most difficult part of the whole matter, and especially difficult to give any advice about, as each new fashion requires a completely new style of packing. It is always advisable, on getting a new dress home, to unfold it carefully and observe the way the dressmaker has folded it. In large establishments it is one person's special work to fold dresses, and from constant practice it is sure to be done in the best way possible. Skirts with steels are not really more difficult to pack than others; the tapes must be untied, and then the width of the skirt will probably about fill the length of the trunk, and it will only require folding as many times as the width of the trunk requires.

Some people think that dresses and mantles are the least crushed by being rolled up instead of folded; this applies particularly to velvet or plush, which is completely spoiled by creasing. The dress should be folded as smoothly as possible, and only just as much as is necessary to go into the length of the box, and then very evenly rolled up. If it is of very delicate color, or has large buttons or other raised trimming which could mark the material, a sheet of tissue paper or some handkerchiefs should be spread over it before rolling. If the drapery is attached to the body of a dress, this plan is not practicable, as the whale-bones prevent the body being rolled lengthwise, and in the majority of styles it does not answer to roll drapery the other way.

Bonnets are as great a difficulty as dresses, and it saves a great deal of trouble to have a separate bonnet-box, or basket; but, of course, when the amount of luggage has to be restricted this is impossible, and one has to make the best of the difficulty by packing the bonnet in a cardboard box in the trunk; or if even this much space cannot be spared, by so arranging the heavier goods as to leave a space at one end in which to put the bonnet, protecting it from injury by a sort of barricade of large articles, which, as they extend the whole length of the box, will be kept in place, and so will not slip down on the bonnet. In either case the inside of the crown is a safe receptacle for trilling, which it is almost impossible to pack anywhere else without crushing.

Umbrellas and sunshades present another difficulty, for, as everyone knows, strapping them together wears out the silk, and soils the sunshade; and yet they are too long to pack, even in the largest dress trunk. A new umbrella has been invented lately for the convenience of travellers, the handle of which is made to unscrew, so that it can be taken out, reducing the length of the umbrella so much that it will go into a very medium-sized box.

It is a great pity, from a traveller's point of view, that sunshades are not still made, as they used to be, with a handle to bend up. But in default of these appliances, the best substitute is to keep the umbrella in a cover, which prevents the strap from cutting the silk, and to have a holland cover to keep the sunshade clean; unless the convenient, but rather inelegant, plan is adopted of having one large holland case, bound with red or brown braid, into which all the umbrellas and sunshades of the party can be packed. The case is fitted with a handle at the side by which to carry it, so that no strap at all is required.

Packing for yachting or a sea voyage is quite a different matter, and would require a chapter to itself. Space will only allow me to say here that intending voyagers must take all their daily necessaries, and, in fact, everything they will want during the first week, in a box sufficiently small to go under the berth. Nothing else can be accommodated in the cabin; but on most steamers there is an opportunity once a week for passengers to get at their other boxes, so that they can get any extra clothing they require; but these boxes have to be specially labelled that they will be wanted on the voyage, or they will be stowed away out of reach in the hold.

In travelling, whether by sea or land, it is well, if practicable, not to fill one's trunk quite full.

NOT WASTED.—In Italian cities the cleaning of streets is sold to the highest bidder at public auction. The bidder puts every four hundred yards of street in charge of one man with a push cart, who is kept constantly at work from sunrise to sunset and in the twilight. At intervals large carts go round and receive the contents of the push carts. The dirt is taken to a factory, where it is pressed into blocks of about a cubic yard in dimensions. These are sent to market, and are sold for fertilizing purposes.

Confidential Correspondents.

GILES.—A man of six feet would be called tall; five feet eight inches would be considered middle height.

ELEANOR.—The marriage line is marked beneath the little fingers horizontally at the outside of the hands. When one is forced a broken engagement is said to be signified.

PANSY.—"Horresco referens" is Latin, and may be freely rendered "relating to unpleasant matters." 2. A Cinderella dance is one which concludes at midnight. 3. The word is a term frequently applied to ranting, noisy speakers especially clergymen.

PERPLEXED.—The answer to your question must depend very much on the rules of the institution you speak of, which, of course we do not know. In civil life it is customary for the superior officer to salute his or her inferior first; the military rule is for the inferior to be the first to salute.

POETRY.—A Spanish poet named Calderon de la Barca is considered the greatest of modern dramatists next to Shakespeare. He was born in the year 1600, and Shakespeare died in 1616. Calderon wrote over 200 plays, amassed a large fortune, and lived to the good old age of eighty years. Shakespeare died at fifty-two.

SCOTIA.—So he does, nowadays, but formerly in Scotland, the public executioner repeated over the sentence of the condemned, in the judge's words, and then added, "This I pronounce for doom. From this expression he acquired the name of the doomster, and was so called both by the legal profession and the community in general.

MARRI.—A cantata was originally for one voice. It is a poem set to music, a musical composition comprising recitatives and solos, arranged in a manner somewhat dramatic, without action. An oratorio (derived from the Latin oratorius, "belonging to praying") is a sacred composition with voice and instruments, consisting of airs, recitatives, duets, trios, choruses, etc. The subject is generally taken from the Holy Scriptures.

W. W.—Washington, in the prime of life, stood six feet two inches in ordinary shoes. It is harder to speak definitely with regard to weight. Washington, although never fat, was powerfully built, and according to his own statement, weighed from 210 to 220 pounds at one period of his life. We should say that in height and weight there was little difference in him and the Emperor of Germany. Bismarck is a very large man.

F. R.—We know of no person at all prominent in history named "Apollonesis." There are many by the name of Apollonius, Apollodorus, Apollo, etc. It would occupy too much space to enumerate them all. They can be found in any work on the ancient Grecian Mythology. 2. Hermes Trismegistus—you spell this name wrong also—is supposed to have been the first law-giver and philosopher in ancient Egypt. 3. It would not be poisonous.

S. V. R.—A mile is not an invarying measure all the world over, it being longer in some countries than in others. In fact the only two countries that agree as to the measurement of a mile are the United States and England, it being 1,760 yards in each country. The Swedish mile is 11,704 yards long—the longest mile known. The Hanover mile comes next, it being 11,499 yards in length. The Chinese mile is the shortest, it being only 658 yards long.

I. S.—It is impossible to say when the Masonic order was founded. Some enthusiastic Masons would be indignant at placing its ordination at so late a period as the building of Solomon's Temple, and claim that the Pyramids were built by the brotherhood. The two pillars you speak of prove nothing, except the belief of the Masonic fraternity that their order had something to do with the building of Solomon's Temple. Jachin and Boaz were the names of the two great pillars which Solomon had placed in front of his temple. You will find a description of them in 1 Kings, 7th chapter.

T. L.—Count Cavour was an eminent Italian statesman of the present century. It was principally through his influence that Sardinia was induced in January, in 1855, to make common cause with England and France in the Crimea; but he is better known as being one of the prime movers in the freeing of Italy from the Austrian yoke. From first to last in this capacity he showed the most dexterous statesmanship, and improved Italy's financial and agricultural condition, doing incalculable service to his country. He also acquired some fame as a writer, and was the author of several good books on political economy.

C. L. N.—No. As soon as the area rises above one square foot, or a foot square, there begins to be a difference. A space that is two feet square measures two feet in length and two feet in breadth, whereas a space that contains two square feet is only one foot wide, and two feet long. Hence a space two feet square contains twice the area of a space that comprises only two square feet. A space containing an area ten feet square would contain one hundred square feet, or ten times ten square feet. The higher we go the greater the difference between the number of square feet and the feet square.

M. L. D.—Many of our most prominent medical men declare that the marriage of first cousins is in direct opposition to the unchangeable laws of nature, and that our deaf, dumb, blind, and insane asylums reap most of their unfortunate inmates from the fruit of such intermarriages. If this be true, it would be better to endure the pangs of unrequited love than to entail such misery on innocent children, and be constantly afflicted with remorse for having committed such a fatal error. It certainly from this seems better that cousins should be taught to consider courtship and marriage an absolutely impossible matter between them.

PALE.—Evidently he is very much in love with you; evidently, too, his love for her is greatly declining. In the nature of things it must decline more and more and more as he grows fonder and fonder of you. Anyhow, if we were in your position we would be inclined to risk. You love him; he loves you; the past will very soon be forgotten—and for that matter the sooner the better. We will let you into a little secret intended for your ear alone—other readers are particularly requested not to look at it. Most married people have been in love more than once before they finally made their choice for life; and each time they thought they could never, never get over it. But they did get over it for all that, and, one time with another, as far as one can expect in this weary world of ours, lived happily ever after.